THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCIII.—No. 1212

MARCH 9, 1927

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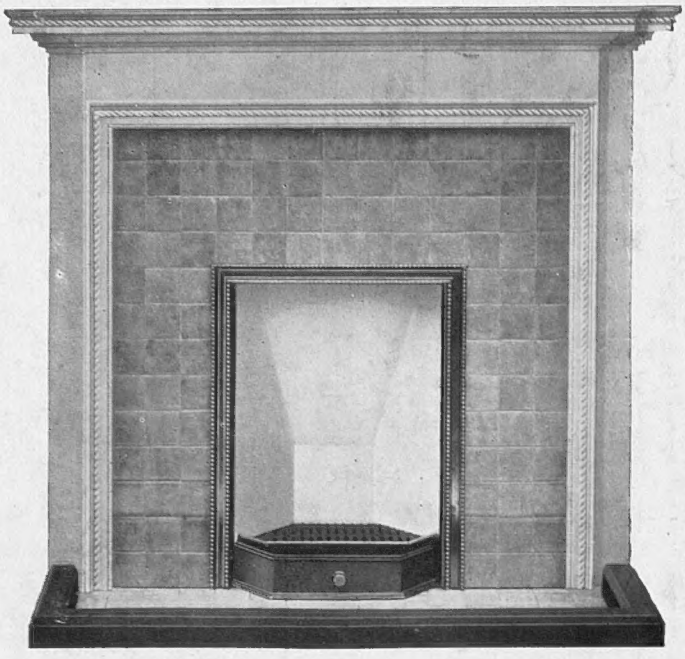

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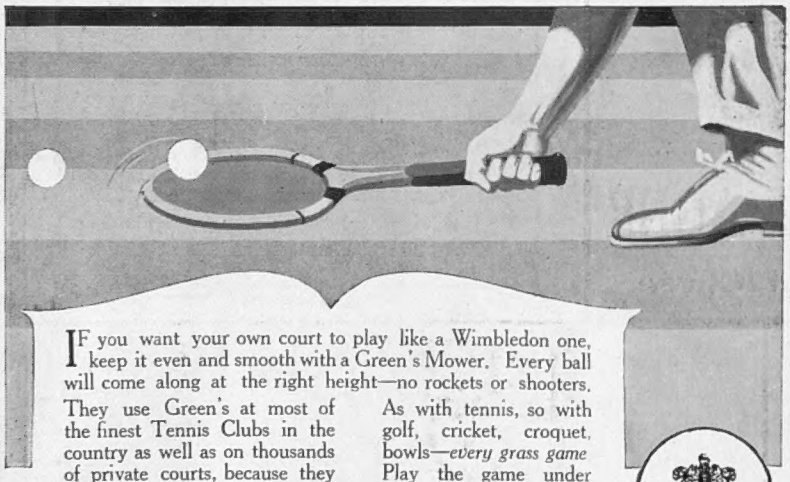

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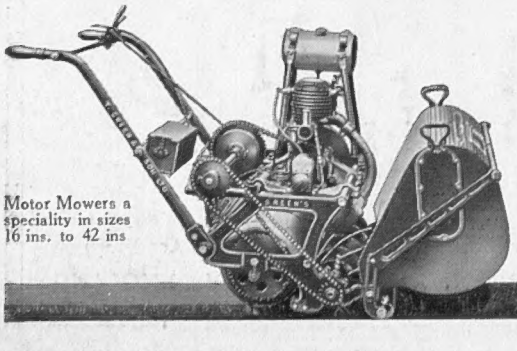

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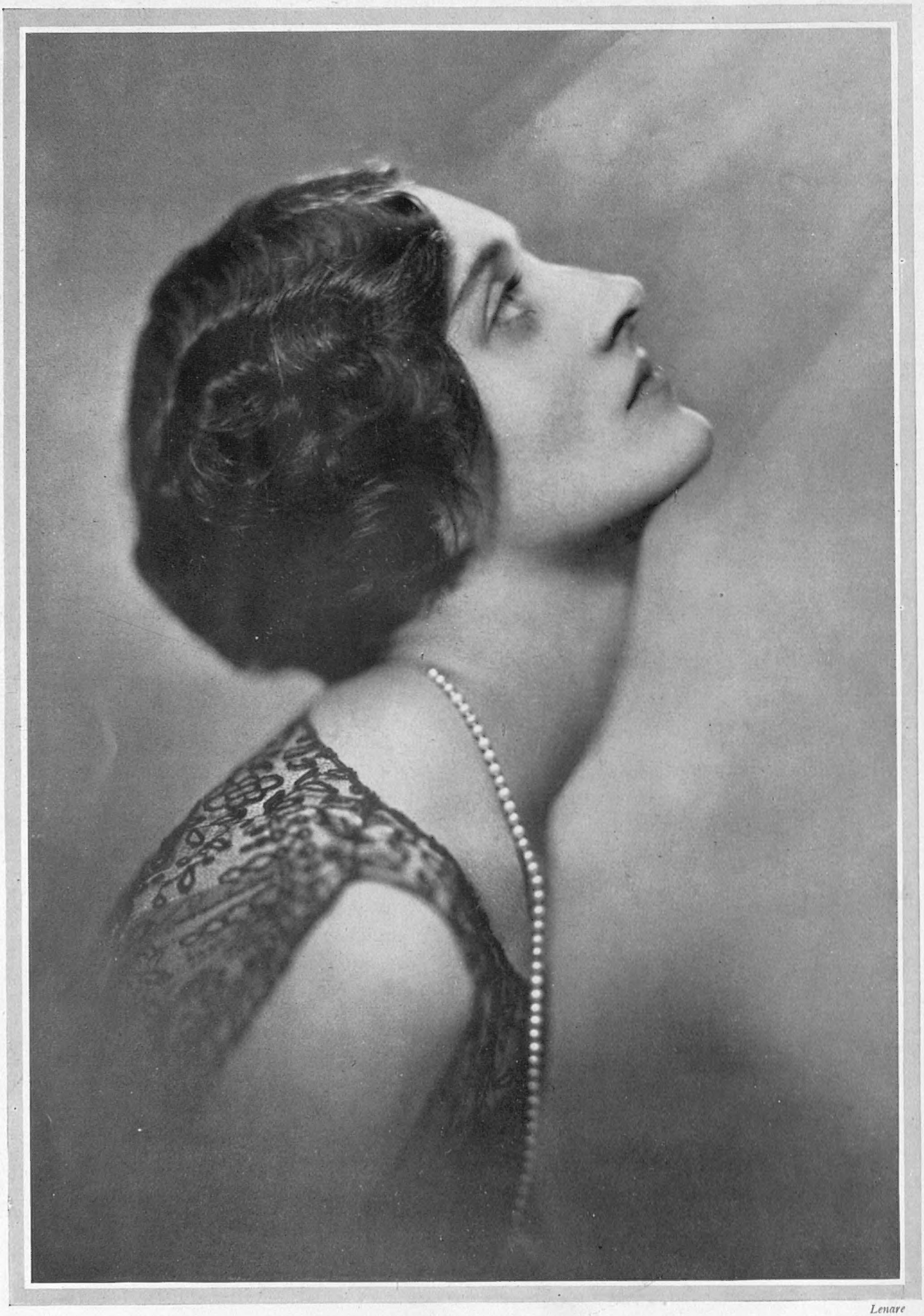
SPECIAL GOLF NO.

The BYSTANDER

A MAN'S GAME

BY NORMAN KEENE

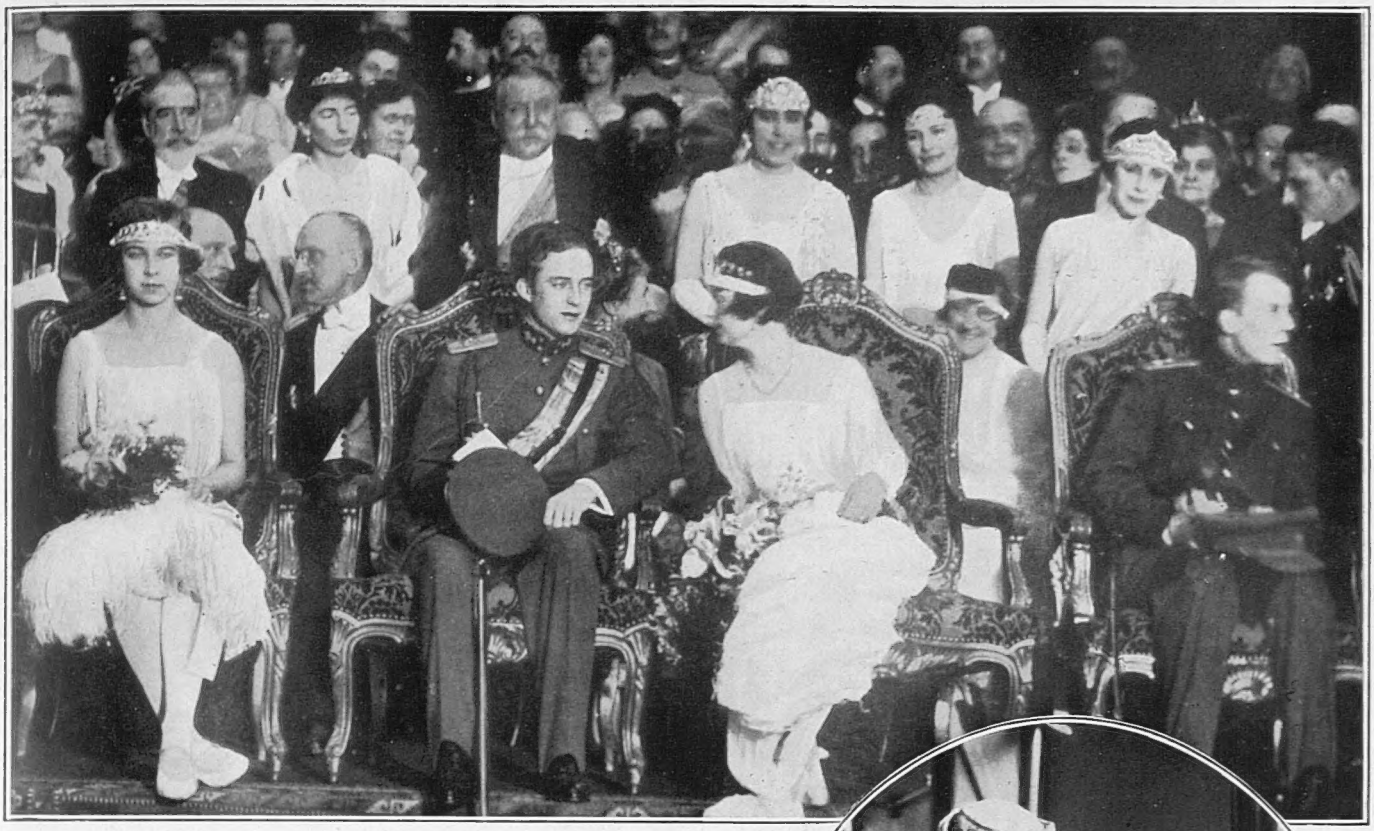
A Camera Cameo



Lenare

THE HON. MRS. INIGO FREEMAN-THOMAS

The eldest daughter of Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson. Her husband is the eldest son of Lord Willingdon



AT THE BALL *Central News*

Royalty was well represented at the "Grande Harmonie" Ball recently held in Brussels. In the front row of the group seen above are Princess Marie José (left) the Duke and Duchess of Brabant and Prince Charles of Belgium

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Royal Afternoon Parties

FOR the last two years the afternoon parties at Buckingham Palace, which have become a regular feature, have been interrupted; two years ago by the King's illness and the subsequent cruise in the Mediterranean, and last year by the mourning for Queen Alexandra.

It is a delightful form of Court entertainment. As a rule some four hundred guests are "commanded" to each party. There is no "passing the Presence" as at a Court, the Lord Chamberlain presenting the guests to the King and Queen, who shake hands with each one. These presentations take place in the Picture Gallery, the lighting of which, I believe, is unique. By an arrangement of electric light behind glass in the roof the long room has the appearance of being flooded with sunshine. The State rooms are all thrown open, tea being served at small tables. The King and Queen move about amongst their guests exactly as they do at a Garden Party, continually stopping for a little chat with this person or the other.

The Lord High Commissioner

THE Lord High Commissioner for the Church of Scotland this year will be the Earl of Stair,

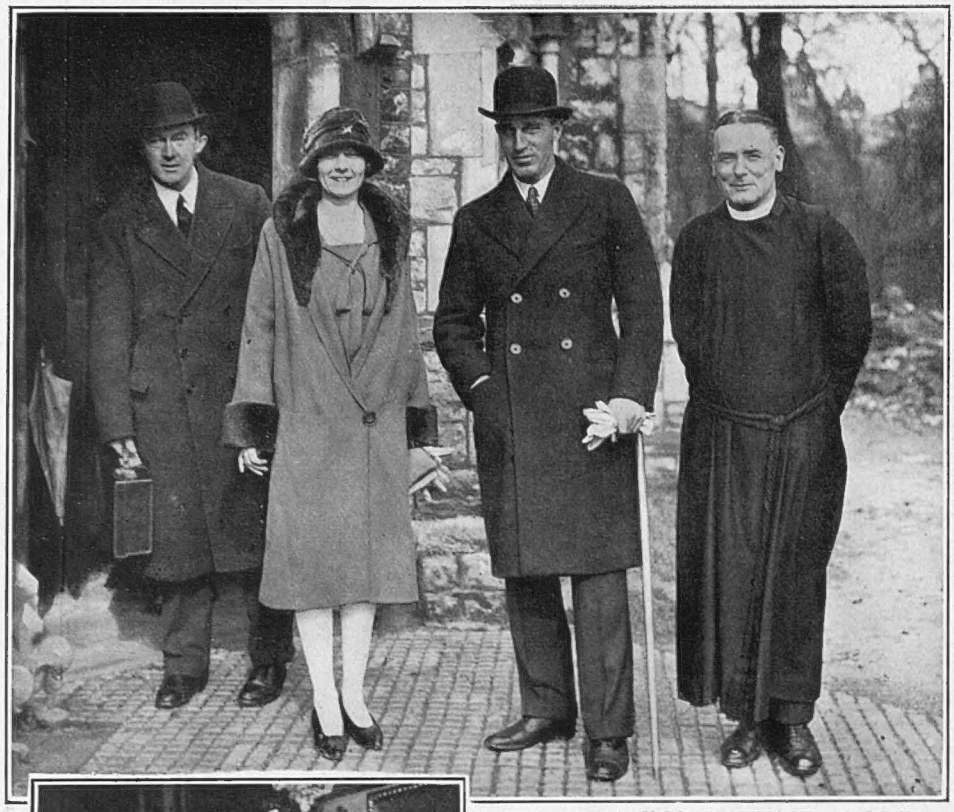
IN THE WARD *L.N.A.*

The Queen chatting with a little patient during her recent visit to the Royal Free Hospital. She opened the new Riddell Ward for children

AT THE SHOW *L.N.A.*

His Majesty at the Hunters and Light Horse Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall. He is seen chatting to Capt. T. L. Wickham-Boynton after presenting him with the King's Gold Cup

his appointment by the King having just been announced. Lord Stair is the twelfth holder of an earldom which dates back to the first year of the reign of Queen Anne, the first Earl being the second Viscount Stair. The second Earl, whose name appears so frequently in French memoirs of the early eighteenth century, was a Field-Marshal and English Ambassador in Paris. He had no children, and a curious arrangement was made between him and the Crown. His brother and heir-presumptive, William Dalrymple, had married the Countess of Dumfries in her own right. Lord Stair, surrendering all his honours to the Crown, obtained a



A V.C.'s MARRIAGE *G.P.U.*

Lt.-Commander Wilfred St. A. Malleson with his bride, formerly Miss C. M. Collinson, after their marriage at St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace. The photograph shows Commander Kitwood, the best man (left), Mrs. Malleson, Lt.-Commander Malleson and the Rev. P. Gough

I. B.

A WEDDING AT ST. MARGARET'S

Mr. Ian Patrick Napier, M.C., and his bride, formerly Miss Frieda Lewis, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their marriage. Mrs. Napier is the only daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Lewis

AFTER THE CEREMONY *Lenare*

Mr. B. Daly, of the Royal Horse Guards, photographed with his bride after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mrs. Daly was formerly Miss Diana Lascelles, the daughter of the late Major W. F. and Lady Sybil Lascelles

new charter empowering him to name as his successor any male descendant of his grandfather, the first Viscount Stair. By this authority he nominated John, the second son of his second brother, George Dalrymple. But after his death this nomination was contested, and the House of Lords decided in favour of the second son of William Dalrymple and the Countess of Dumfries.

In the end, however, John Dalrymple became Earl of Stair, because the second son of William Dalrymple and also his elder brother, who succeeded, both died without children, and John was the next of kin.

Lord Stair has two places in Scotland, Lochinch Castle, in Wigtownshire, and Oxenfoord Castle, near Dalkeith, in Midlothian. As Viscount Dalrymple he studied law at Edinburgh University, and at the same time studied medicine, afterwards graduating in both subjects—an unusual achievement. During the War, like the Earl of Perth, he was a prisoner in Germany.

"Before the Mast"

LAST Wednesday saw the coming-of-age of the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, who already has had various experiences which rarely come to people in what the Victorians would have called "his station." When he was eighteen he became an apprentice in a sailing clipper going from Birkenhead to Sydney, so literally he has been "before the mast." Arrived in Australia he worked for a year as a labourer on a farm. Like Lord Apsley, he wanted to find out for himself how "the other fellows" live.

Lord Suffolk and Berkshire—he is twentieth holder of the first and thirteenth holder of the second earldom—succeeded his father, who was killed in Mesopotamia during the War, when he was eleven. His mother was Miss Daisy Leiter, a daughter of the American millionaire, and a sister of Lord Curzon of Kedleston's first wife, the beautiful Mary Leiter, which makes the youthful peer cousin to Lady Cynthia Mosley. Charlton Park, to which he now succeeds, is a fine Jacobean house near Malmesbury, with still many notable pictures hanging in its fine gallery. At one time Charlton Park was famous for its collection of Old Masters.

The Beethoven Centenary

IT certainly came as a surprise to your Bystander, and I expect it will to a good many of you, to hear that the Royal Philharmonic Society has been in existence

A SOCIETY WEDDING *Topical*

Sir Walter Peacock and his bride, formerly Mrs. Humphreys, leaving St. Mark's Church, Kennington, after the wedding. Sir Walter Peacock is the Secretary and Keeper of the Records of the Duchy of Cornwall

Sport and General

"A LONG PULL AND A STRONG PULL"

The Cambridge crew photographed making a sharp burst during their first outing at Richmond. By the grimness of their expressions, Oxford are in for a tough struggle

for a hundred and fourteen years, having been founded in 1813. In a way, Beethoven has been the Society's presiding genius. At the first concert it ever gave one of his Symphonies was played, and in all the years since his name has been rarely absent from its programmes. Further than this, the Society bought from Beethoven the right to the first performance of three overtures, *King Stephen*, the *Ruins of Athens*, and the *Overture in C Minor*.

R. S. Crisp

AT CAMBRIDGE

F. C. Pierce-Grove (Trinity), who won two races in the Cambridge University Steeplechases, held at Cottenham

The original autographed scores are now in the British Museum, as is also that of the *Ninth Choral Symphony*, which was commissioned by the Philharmonic, and is considered by many to be the master's greatest work.

Since the centenary of Beethoven's birth, fifty-seven years ago, his portrait bust, presented to the Society in recognition of its generosity to him, has always stood in front of the orchestra at its concerts. The Society naturally wishes to celebrate the centenary of Beethoven's death in a fitting manner; therefore on March 24 it will give his *Missa Solennis*, the *Egmont* Overture, and the *Choral Fantasia* in his honour at the Albert Hall. On March 19 there will be a Beethoven Centenary Concert for children at the Central Hall, Westminster, at which Mr. John Coates will sing.

R. S. Crisp

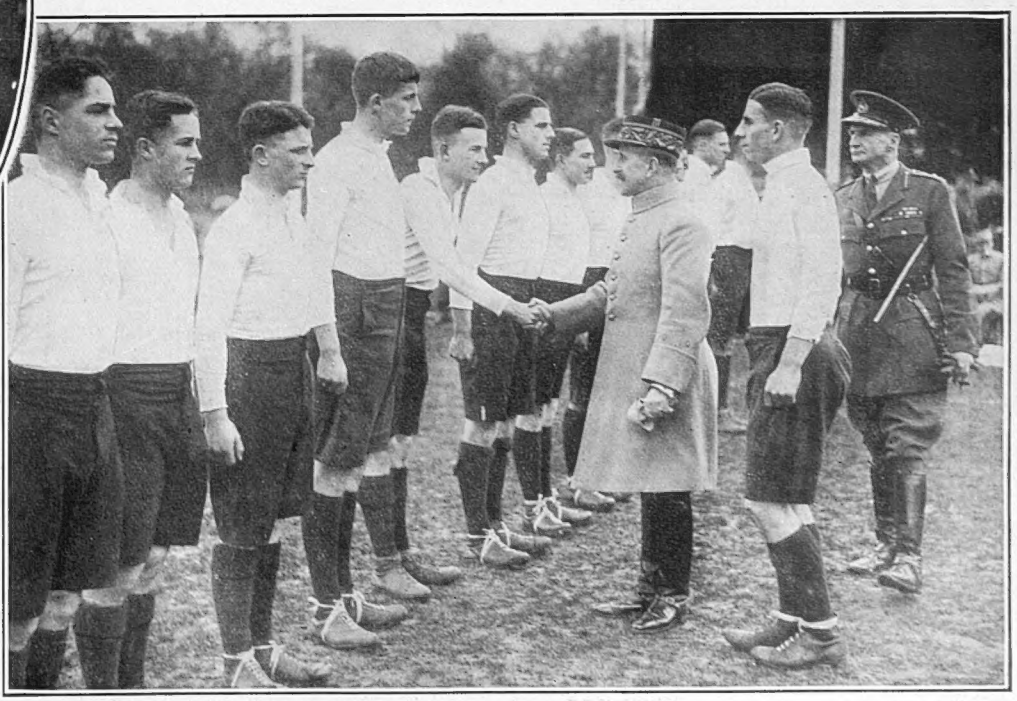
A COTTENHAM WINNER

D. P. G. Moseley (Pembroke), who won five races at the recent Cambridge University Steeplechases

An Interesting Marriage

An interesting record could be made of English families who own estates on islands in the Mediterranean. The most important are the Whitakers in Sicily. Next come the Pierceys in Sardinia, and there are many others. Mr. Piercey has recently married a daughter of Prince Fabrizio Massimo, the only brother of Prince Massimo—an interesting marriage because it allies an English county family—the Pierceys are of Denbighshire—to the Spanish Bourbons and to the oldest family in the Italian nobility.

The Massimo family traces backs its descent to the Roman Emperor Maximus, hence the Italianised form of that Latin name, and the sons are all born "Roman



Central News

THE ENTENTE AT SANDHURST

The Sandhurst team being introduced to General Colin before the game with the cadets of St. Cyr. The R.M.C. just got home by 11 points to 8

Sport and General

LORD DORMER (left), MISS WETHERBY, MISS BUCKMASTER, MISS MANN-THOMPSON, THE HON. GEORGINA and THE HON. MYRTLE DORMER

WITH THE LIFE GUARD

Some competitors and spectators at the recer of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards Officer Priors, I

patricians." I couldn't hazard even a guess as to the number of centuries the family have lived in the Palazzo Massimo in Rome. Like the Colonnas, the Massimos have always been staunch supporters of the Pope, and for many years after Rome became the capital of Italy, in 1870, the ladies of the Massimo family wore mourning for the loss of the Papal temporal power and the Papal States. Each Prince Massimo is "Hereditary Grand Master of the Pontifical Post"—in other words, hereditary Postmaster-General to the Pope.

Prince Fabrizio Massimo married Princess Beatrice of Bourbon, the third daughter of Don Carlos, the Pretender to the Spanish Throne, who lived for so many years in Venice, and was officially known as the Duke of Madrid. The father of Don Carlos, together with his descendants, was excluded from succession to the throne of Spain, but nevertheless both of them fought hard to gain what they believed to be their right through primogeniture, and in consequence Spain was distracted by civil war.

After the death of Don Carlos the King of Spain made an offer of a handsome allowance to his son, Don Jaime, and to Don Carlos's second wife if they would drop their pretensions to the style of Majesty—thus Don Carlos had always been addressed in his own house, and elsewhere when people would give him the title. The son agreed, but the stepmother refused, and having been practically ruined by the war had a difficult time—just for an empty title.

By his marriage Mr. Piercey becomes a nephew of the Archduke Leopold Salvator of Austria, who married one of his mother-in-law's sisters; and he also becomes a

Photo Illus.

AT WALTON HEATH

Members of the Surrey and Kent teams who met in the first round of the Inter-county Ladies' Golf Championship at Walton Heath. Surrey, who are the present champions, won by 4 and 3

Angus Faith

WHEN THE BAR DANCES

Members of Mr. E. M. Leslie's party at the recent Pegasus Club Ball. It took place in the famous Hall of Lincoln's Inn

Sport and General

MRS. BRADISH-ELLAMES (left), CAPT. J. E. M. BRADISH-ELLAMES, MRS. JENKINSON, CAPT. A. M. A. BAILLIE, MISS LAYCOCK and CAPT. R. A. F. THORP

NEAR KINETON
Cross-country Point-to-Point races Club. They took place at Pilkerton Warwickshire

Winter Sport Continues

OUR notion of the Winter Sports season as a thing of December and January is not shared by Continental devotees. These—the experts among them, at least—wait until late February and early March before they take their ski out of the press.

The lower ground and the "Nursery Slopes" are possibly not in the best order at this end of the season, but for the true ski-runner who will go beyond sight of his hotel, conditions are now at their best. The "spring snow" has fallen, the days are long, and the warm sun is a delight. The Swiss do not understand why we all leave so early in the season.

British Illus.

THE HON. MRS. WYNDHAM and MRS. WHITHINGTON

THE CAMERA'S CARD

Two photographs from the recent Hurdle and Steeplechase Meeting at Leicester. The weather was none too kind to spectators

nephew of a major on the Italian Army Reserve, the youngest of Princess Fabrizio Massimo's sisters having married an Italian officer after her marriage to a minor German Prince, albeit a Serene Highness, had been annulled.

Alfieri

LORD STALBRIDGE and MAJOR and LADY ZIA WERNHER

Special Press

A HUNTING OCCASION

Miss B. Kemble (left) and Miss Hunter discussing the day's prospects at a meet of V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's). It was held recently at Fairford Park

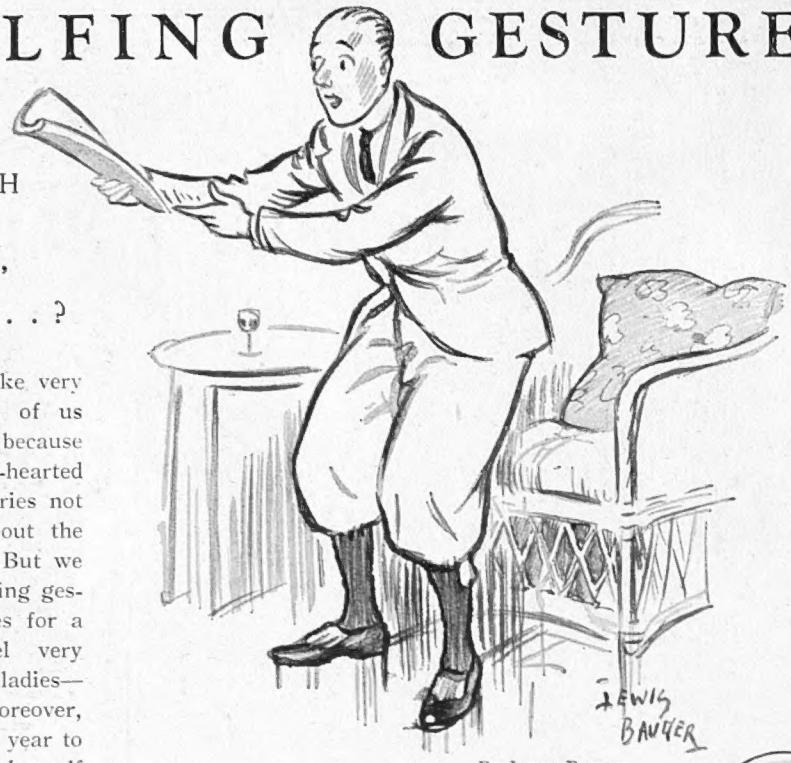
At the Hyde Park

THERE is no doubt but that the recent ball organised by the British Empire Union, which took place at the Hyde Park Hotel, was a great success, the sale of tickets being well up to expectations. During the course of the evening a cabaret, which certainly did not err on the side of brevity, took place.

GOLFING GESTURES

By
DELL LEIGH

LIBERTY, EQUALITY . . . ?



By Lewis Baumer

"Rise outraged from his chair, exclaiming—well, you know the sort of thing he will exclaim"

Sport and General

MRS. LASLETT (N. Surrey), PLAYING WITH A. HEDGES

NOBODY will take very much notice of us about this, because we are a gay, light-hearted little Paper which tries not to bother much about the grim side of life. But we wish to make a golfing gesture about the ladies for a moment. We feel very strongly about the ladies—who does not? Moreover, they mobilise once a year to come and play lovely golf for our lovelier Trophy. Anyway, the point is this, please.

There are more and more women playing the game of golf every year all over Great Britain. So there are men; but we are dealing with the other sex at the moment. The number of new golf clubs, especially those within reasonable reach of the big cities, is nothing like commensurate with the annually increasing number of players. In nearly every case the men look upon their golf clubs as an impregnable fastness of their own; largely because theirs has been the money to construct it, and theirs, therefore, the prescriptive right to priority of play upon it. The women are admitted to most, grudgingly, at a reduced rate of subscription, with indifferent accommodation (heinously inadequate in some cases) and restrictive laws which bind them fast under the male yoke.

The average male golfer (unless he is engaged to be married to a low handicapped golfing woman) on reaching this point will rise outraged from his chair, exclaiming—well, you know the sort of thing he will exclaim.

Women, especially and primarily *working* women, and those tied by household duties, play their game under considerable difficulties, and, in the winter, during the remnants only of daylight. It is very remarkable, considering their curtailed hours of apprenticeship, and the terror inspired by the "gaunt man on the horizon," how efficiently and steadily great numbers of them perform. This number is increasing very rapidly and persistently. It will continue to increase. What are we going to do about it?

The solution is not easy. But one ventures to think it is not impossible. That it is worth trying. The law, as it stands now, lays down on practically all the popular, and therefore crowded, courses that women may not play before 11.30 a.m. (or whatever the local rule makes the time) on Saturdays and Sundays and the usual public holidays. This is irrespective of their handicap. Thus you frequently experience a ludicrous and unchivalrous situation. As a typical instance, I arrived on a first tee recently with a lady opponent. There were a dozen men standing about, waiting their turn. That woman could have played any one of these level off the back tees, and would have taken their half-crowns, modestly, on the way to the 19th hole. Moreover, she would have been delighted to have paid a full yearly subscription for the privilege of doing so. But no. The law was the law. We had to come in at the draggled-tail end somewhere about 11.45 a.m., having been ready to put a ball down at 10 o'clock.

Sport and General

MRS. J. MASON (Langley Park), PARTNERED BY H. COTTON

There are more ways than one of rectifying this obvious injustice. A few clubs have already inserted the thin end of the wedge by allowing their women players below a 12 handicap (the figure varies slightly) to have full playing privileges on payment of the full annual subscription and entrance fee; though one may observe in passing that in one or two of these cases nothing has been done about giving them the same standard of clubhouse accommodation that the men enjoy for the same price. But this is at least a graceful gesture pointing in the right direction.

What we shall eventually come to, and ought surely to come to quickly, on all crowded courses, is just this. That both sexes pay the full fees on entry and annually. Both have the same comforts in the clubhouse and the same elbow room on the course. Both sexes being graded as to their starting times on the busy days *on their handicaps*, and on those only. In this way you could ensure getting the quickest players off first. A good woman player is as quick and as straight as any average good man. She wastes no time. She understands the etiquette of the game and observes it scrupulously. You could, of course, have a qualifying clause that the very star performers—handicap of five and under—could "cut into" these times; this for the benefit of such "bloods" as do not want to be obliged to parade early. As things are at present, eliminating the claims of the women for the moment, you see everywhere regularly a couple of scratch men with a ball "down" or a "time," waiting for eight or nine couples whose handicaps are all very double figures,

Sport and General
MISS NANCY PEET (Verulam). HER PARTNER IS C. WALLACE

SOME OF THE LADY COMPETITORS FOR TO-DAY'S "BYSTANDER" £500 TROPHY CONTEST

G. P. U
LAST YEAR'S WINNERS
Mrs. C. Hurst and H. C. Jolly, who won the "Bystander" £500 Trophy last year over the Addington course. They are competing again this year

Sport and General
MISS JOYCE WOOD (Croham Hurst). SHE IS PARTNERED BY G. WILSON

Sport and General
MISS R. RABBIDGE (Fulwell). PLAYING WITH G. OKE

G. P. U.
MISS M. GOURLAY (Camberley Heath), WHO HAS ENTERED WITH T. MOUNCE

Sport and General
MISS AUDREY CROFT (Ashford Manor). H. G. TWINE IS HER PARTNER

and whose progress from tee to green is impeded by that fact. The above suggestion would obviate this.

By this law the long handicap woman (and man) would suffer at the hands of the short. But 90 per cent. of the long handicap players of both sexes infinitely prefer to have the good, quick player ahead of them than behind them.

It is a fallacy to suppose that men do not want to play with their womenfolk. Thousands of them do, but cannot. A man and a woman begin playing golf together. The man, the law giving him more opportunities, improves rapidly. The woman becomes gradually "cold shouldered." She then develops what psychologists call gravely "an inferiority complex," and ends by giving up the whole ghastly business in despair, saying nothing but thinking a lot.

The rule regarding women on first tees should be based upon principle, and not upon prejudice in these enlightened days.

But it is? DELL LEIGH.

A Close Friend!

Special Press

MISS OLIVE RICKS

Of Addlestone, who is well known in the jumping world, and who broke her leg last year when hunting near Shrewsbury. She has now fully recovered, and though only ten years of age is looking forward to a successful year with her ponies. She is seen here with "Cosy"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

A Quaint Relic

A FEW years ago I met a man who had never ridden in a motor car, and I well remember the pitying contempt with which I considered this quaint relic of a former age. The poor chap, I remember, had a notion that motor travelling was dangerous, and he was frankly nervous about making a start. Dear me, how I laughed at him, to be sure.

In the Same Boat

TIME brings its revenges. A few days ago I met another man who had never ridden in an aeroplane, and I wondered if he was the object of the same pitying contempt among his fellows. The poor chap had a notion that flying was dangerous, and he was very nervous about making a start. But I did not laugh at him this time, because I happened to be in the same boat.

The New Adventure

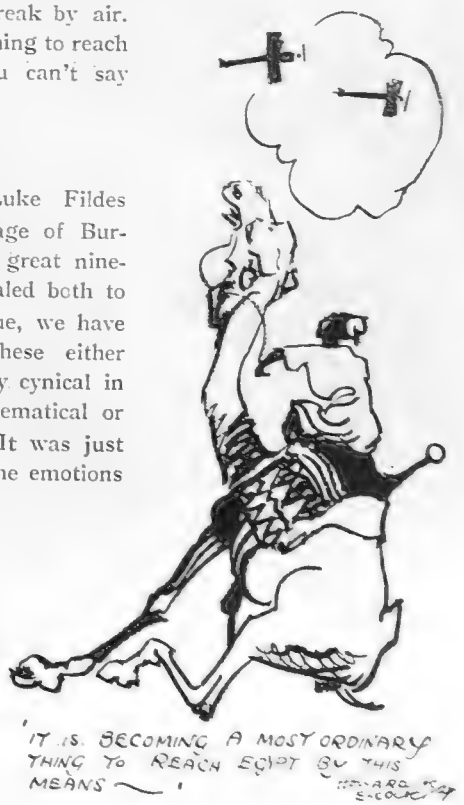
IS the man who has not yet flown and who is truly nervous about starting on the new adventure a superannuated old fogy, fit to rank with that other odd fish who had not ridden in a motor car? It is a saddening thought that one is getting out of touch with one's generation—that one has moss in one's ears and cobwebs hanging round one's collar. I shall have to go out to Stag Lane and buy a couple of Moths!

Imperial Airways

THESE considerations are prompted by the receipt of the monthly bulletin of Imperial Airways. After reading this jolly little sheet, I feel that the aeroplane is as ordinary as a taxi and not half so thrilling as a berth on the Blue Train. During the past two years and a half more than two million miles have been covered by the cross-Channel machines and nearly 40,000 passengers have crossed the silver streak by air. It is becoming a most ordinary thing to reach Egypt by this means, and you can't say that £50 is an excessive fare.

A Work of Heart

WITH the death of Sir Luke Fildes there passed from the stage of Burlington House another of those great nineteenth century artists who appealed both to the heart and to the head. True, we have subject pictures to-day, but these either present a problem or are entirely cynical in tone. There was nothing problematical or cynical about "The Doctor." It was just a frank and homely appeal to the emotions



of the middle-class public, and, as such, it was a work of art—and heart—fit to rank with anything that the Royal Academy has given us.

That Kipling Society

WILL the formation of the new Kipling Society draw the famous author into the open, to the extent of settling various points which have hitherto been "wropt in mystery"? Will he tell us whether Major-General Dunsterville was the original Stalky and he the original Beetle? I am inclined to doubt it, for such an admission would immediately raise such a host of complementary queries that there would be many burstings among the letter-bags of Burwash.

"F.O."—RE"

By David Wilson

A Happy Augury

THE approval by the Bishop of London of a scheme for preparing business and professional men for ordination is a far happier augury for the Church than anything that has happened in living memory. Such men will bring into the pulpit settled convictions, a knowledge of the world and wide sympathies based upon personal experience. I am not surprised to hear that a large number of applications have been received, more especially as applicants may continue in business during the period of qualification.

A Splendid Idea

MY evening paper is responsible for the statement that, in addressing students of the St. Martin's Sketch Club, Mr. Edmund Dulac said there was "hardly any such thing as originality." I am inclined to agree with this distinguished artist, but I could wish he had urged the students to strive after this splendid ideal instead of advising them to paint in the way of those masters who appealed to them.

Nothing New

ORIGINALITY has almost ceased to be an ideal nowadays. In the theatre it is practically non-existent. We must admit that Shakespeare "pinched his plots," to use a modern colloquialism, but we are getting a little tired of the enthusiasm with which modern young dramatists steal from the man who stole. One day we have a bit of *Hamlet* turned into a most affecting modern drama, and the next it is *The Taming of the Shrew* all over again. I am told that comedians keep books of "gags" borrowed from other comedians. Why not try to hit upon a new joke now and then?

Twin Tragedies

DURING the recent strike the sympathy of the public was very obviously with the miners. Everywhere you went you heard the opinion expressed that, left alone, the miners would have brought their struggle with the owners to a happier issue. It was the crass folly of the General Strike that helped to spoil their case. The terrible twin tragedies in Wales and Nottingham bring that sympathy and its causes into high relief. The miner performs essential duties at considerable personal risk, and the public is not slow to recognise and appreciate the fact.

A Bellicose Atmosphere

THOSE of us who believed in the once popular *cliché*, "A war to end war," have been rather disturbed by the bellicose atmosphere still existing. March (1927) has certainly come in like a lion, and its lamb-like exit cannot be too confidently looked for. France, I notice, has conceived the rather excellent idea of "A Nation in Arms, or Every Man His Own Soldier." Short-sighted people may deplore this step as a further *rapprochement* with Mars, but don't you believe it.

War and Foreign Languages

WHENEVER civil war or other similar disturbance occurs in foreign lands the great publicity given to it in the English Press materially improves everyone's geographical knowledge. This is all to the good, but we think it should also tend to enlarge one's knowledge of languages, so—there being trouble in China at the moment—we make no apology for printing the following paragraph in Chinese:—

倘使你能翻譯這段文字，
你一定欣慰無量，向一般
不如你者，誇耀技能。如此，
請購此眾口一詞的雜誌。
這就是我們希望你做的！

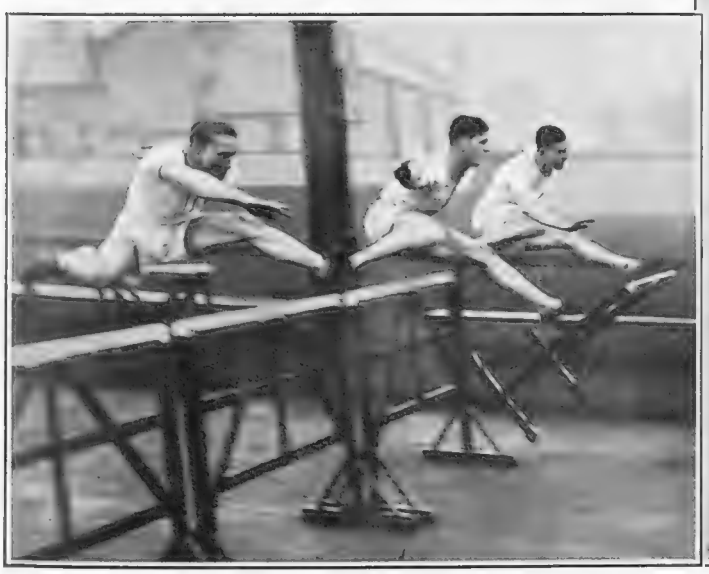
In case there are any of our readers who do not read Chinese, we shall be glad to send a translation on application.

Athletics—and Rain—at Cambridge

A CLOSE FINISH

R. S. Rowlands (Trinity Hall) winning the 100 Yards in the semi-final of the Inter-College Sports at Cambridge. He just beat the Rugger International, Rowe Harding (Pembroke)

J. D. S. PENDLEBURY WINNING THE HIGH JUMP FOR PEMBROKE



Photographs

T. C. LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH, OF PEMBROKE (centre), WINNING THE 120 YARDS HURDLES

F. B. ARNOLD (TRINITY HALL), FIRST IN THE MILE

Sport and General

H. L. ELVINS (TRINITY HALL), THE HALF-MILE WINNER

The semi-final of the Inter-College Sports at Cambridge between Pembroke and Trinity Hall was fought out in appalling weather conditions at Fenner's. Pembroke "swum" home to victory, scoring 65 points to their opponents' 45

Produced February 16, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THE Marquise is Miss Marie Tempest, to whose delightful and whimsical personality the success of the production will be due. The scene of the play is laid near Paris in the year 1735, but most of the events could have taken place at Brixton yesterday. We are in the plainly furnished living-room of the Château de Vriaac, where the Compte (old-style spelling) is giving a dinner to celebrate the betrothal of his daughter Adrienne to Miguel, the son of Esteban el Duco Santaguano. This latter name is a little perplexing. To one of my limited knowledge of Spanish it might be the glorification of the water-drinker, and then again it might refer to the well-known fertiliser, which, however good it may be, can hardly merit canonisation.

THE betrothal dinner proves almost immediately to have been a sad waste of good enthusiasm, as the young people have no sooner been left alone than they agree that they do not care enough for each other to make a match of it. Adrienne admits to being desperately in love with Jacques Rijar, her father's private secretary, and Miguel has the usual misplaced attachment for a dancing girl in Paris. So that the prospects of a delicate romance are, as it were, knocked out in the first round. In due course the Compte is alone in the living-room, and there is a tap with a delicately gloved hand at the French windows leading to the terrace. He opens them to no less a lady than the Marquise Eloise de Kestournel, once the object of his fugitive affection.

Sasha

"TO LOVE . . . IT'S EVERYTHING"
Adrienne (Eileen Sharp) and Miguel (Godfrey Winn) in an apparently touching scene of mutual affection. The drawback, however, is that Adrienne's love is with another and Miguel's thoughts dwell on a dancing girl in the Gay City

THE Compte is a widower. Before he married he entertained a succession of mistresses and their understudies; but his wife showed him the way to the light, and since her death he has become more or less pious, with a private chaplain on the premises to confess him with daily regularity. Therefore, when the Marquise explains that she came to the Château de Vriaac because she was sure of a hearty welcome, the Compte is obliged to point out coldly that he has now got religion, and consequently is not one of the lads any more. We then learn that while the Compte is Adrienne's father, the Marquise is the girl's mother, and in a sudden access of maternal affection that has lain dormant for eighteen years or so she wants to see her child.

THIS priceless boon being peremptorily refused to her, the Marquise mentions casually her intention of remaining at the château, whether she be welcome or not. In the amusing wrangle that ensues Miss Tempest as the Marquise easily holds her own, and her charmingly impudent resolve to stay in the place whether the Compte wishes it or no is expounded in the light-hearted manner typical of her delicately perfect art. Presently, as if tired of the Compte's nagging, the Marquise hurries out of the room by the way in which she entered it. The Compte is just rubbing his hands at the thought that he has got rid of the tiresome woman at last, when she reappears at the front door of the château, correctly escorted by the maid of convention. She wishes to announce that her coach has broken down on the road, and in her simple and artless way she begs shelter for the night.

ON the following morning the Marquise comes down to breakfast in solitary state. The Compte will not see her, but sends his Father Confessor to try and hound the unwelcome visitor from the premises. This is an extremely droll scene which Miss Tempest handles most adroitly. The padre has, of course, no luck, and he crawls away from the argument beaten to the historical frazzle. Then the Duke with the queer Spanish name drops in to see his old friend the Compte, and he, too, recognises the Marquise. It seems that he was another of her distinguished patrons among the nobility and gentry, and we learn then that she is also the mother of Miguel, who is due to marry her daughter Adrienne. The idea is not, perhaps, very nice, but it

A PIANOFORTE DUET *Sasha*

The Marquise (Marie Tempest), who is the sort of Fairy Godmother of the Story, says it with music to the Compte Raoul de Vriaac (W. Graham Browne). The Compte's old-world courtesy is hard put to it at times to bear the vagaries and whims of the Marquise

se[illegible] consistently modern. It is clear to th[illegible]arquise that the projected marriage m[illegible]e stopped at all costs. It could, of c[illegible] be prevented by explaining the positi[illegible]f the parties concerned, but that w[illegible] be such a prosaic method in a play t[illegible] romantic, as far as the costumes, at l[illegible].re concerned. Therefore, the Marq[illegible] summons to her presence Adrienne a[illegible]er chosen lover, Jacques Rijar, and th[illegible] compels the Reverend Father to m[illegible] the young people on the spot, at the po[illegible] of the pistol.

In the Third Act we see the Compte [illegible]ing alone, and we also see hi[illegible]et up from his seat and walk to[illegible] bell-rope to ring for his waiting[illegible]an. In the old days, however, w[illegible]ver did that sort of thing. We eit[illegible] kept the fellow behind our ch[illegible] or posted him outside the door so [illegible] a mild oath flung at him wo[illegible] bring him back in a hurry. The Compte is upset generally. His daughter has gone and got married to a polite pauper, and he feels he has no further use for his inconvenient ghostly Father, and has sacked the Rev. accordingly. So he calls for brandy in order that he may get drunk. That's the spirit! The great Duke of Wellington had the same hobby every Friday night, and he used to look forward to the prospective delight all the rest of the week.

A little later the Spanish Grandee calls again, and is pained to note the condition of his old friend, who is by this time in a decidedly blissful state. Even a divisional surgeon under the new rules would have no doubt of the matter, chalk line or no chalk line. The Duco calls for coffee in order to bring the Compte round a bit, and the coffee certainly has a surprising effect, because when the Marquise arrives on the scene a little later the Compte could have said "truly rural" with the best of us. What he actually does say is a harsh word or so to the lady, who is at once championed by her other bygone lover, the Duco, and from words the two men come to blows, and from blows to the inevitable demand for satisfaction.

The Marquise claps her hands in childish delight at the idea that there is to be an untidy scuffle on her account. She says she will sit in a quiet corner of the room, and begs that she may be given an orange to eat while the duel is on, as she can always concentrate better when she has something to munch. Then she says that she is forty-two, and feels that she needs to be cherished a little; and as she has been virtuous, in a manner of speaking, for sixteen years, neither of the gentlemen can doubt her high moral character, and one of them ought accordingly to marry her. Miss Tempest has added yet another to her long list of personal successes. JINGLE.

CHIP SHOTS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A CURIOUS incident occurred at Mid-Surrey last week. An elderly gentleman, who was playing golf for the first time, hit a ball to within 440 yards of the pin!

. . . . .

"How many shots have I taken now, caddie?" asked the duffer.

"Dunno, sir."

"Well, what's the good of my employing you if you don't know?"

"You don't want a caddie, sir; you want an accountant."

. . . . .

"GOLF," remarked the curate as he fluffed his shot for the *n*th time, "is a funny game."

"'Tain't meant to be," sniffed his caddie.

. . . . .

"ISN'T it curious how many members at Coombe Hill try to copy their professional's style?"

"Well, I suppose you must put it down to the Herd instinct."

. . . . .

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "I'm down in ten!"

. . . . .

"WHY doesn't your husband take up golf, Mrs. McTavish?"

"'Twould be no good, Mrs. Angus; he's tongue-tied."

. . . . .

"THAT'S eight you've taken, isn't it, Hilda?"

"No, dear; only five."

"But you missed the ball entirely three times."

"I say, you *do* watch!"

IT is strange how many re-paints may be observed at the windows of some ladies' pavilions.

. . . . . .

"I SAY, what awful language!"

"Anyhow, I know why they call Walton a 'blasted Heath'."

. . . . . .

AT his very first drive the novice hit a tremendous drive. "Now, where do I run to?" he enquired anxiously.

BY BERT WILSON

A MATTER OF COURSE

"I say, you chaps, I think you'd better go through. I'm hopelessly lost"

"COME and have a game of golf, old man."

"Quite impossible. My time's worth ten pounds a minute."

"Well, let's go and spend a thousand pounds of it."

. . . . .

I know a girl called "Carry,"
Who can hit 'em like Old Harry;
Bunkers never seem to worry her at all.
I wouldn't like to marry
One who carried on like Carry,
But I'd like to get her "carry" on the ball!

. . . . .

"WHY did you pick your ball up when you were in that gorse bush?"

"Oh, I always cut my losses in the whins."

. . . . . .

HEARD at Sunningdale:—"I wish you wouldn't keep on telling me how to play my shots: this isn't a meddle round!"

. . . . . .

TOURNEYS end in Autumn Meetings.
Shakespeare (revised).

. . . . . .

"YOU simply must stay with us; we're close to a beautiful old golf course."

"How old is it?"

"I'm not sure, but my husband can remember someone going round it in 69."

. . . . .

Two ladies, bang in the fairway, were chatting.

"Fore!" repeatedly yelled a player behind them.

"It's no use shouting 'fore'!" remarked his friend; "try 'em with three-eleven-three!"

. . . . .

"How's your drive, Jones?"

"Topping, simply topping!"

. . . . .

IKEY was in the rough and lifting his club like a flail.

"How many strokes is that?" called his opponent.

"Three," answered Ikey.

"But I've seen you take eight smacks already."

"Ah, my friend, I haf been trying to kill a snake!"

. . . . .

SUITABLE menu for golfing vegetarians:—Golf greens in apple-pie order.

Write on the Fairway

BY BATCHELOR

GOLFER: "Beastly bad luck. I could take a brassy to it if only the artist's signature wasn't in the fairway"

A Winning Treble in the Cabaret Stakes

"WE ARE SEVEN" *Sport and General*

Miss Anne Nelson and the chorus of the cabaret which has proved a highly popular winner at the Lido Club. Miss Nelson's dancing is one of the most successful features of this bright show

A "LOOK-SEE" *Raeburn*

Miss Renée Baily "and friend" in a classic pose. She is appearing in the "Night Time Revels" at the Queen's Hotel, Leicester Square where her dancing has won her a big reputation

"THE PLAY'S THE THING" *Raphael*

Especially when Mlle. Angela Guilbert is responsible for the playing. An artist who is very popular in Western Europe, she is starring in the cabaret at the New Princes' Restaurant

DRAMATICS AND OPERATICS

By YOGO HAMA

Sketches by OKUN INGAMAI

"Hon. Lewis Dodd are awfully musical person"

Most Dear Hon. Bystanders,

O how much better it are to only live on a quiet crust in, perhapsly, Tooting or suchly polite Bec, than to live more free as savages in the Alps or other Tyrols upon sausages and so forth. This so profoundish truth are suggest by *The Constant Nymph* at the New Theatre, which I shall now introduce as per follows.

Hon. Lewis Dodd are awfully musical person who makes sonatoes, fugues, and other *librettoes* for the piano and also performs same by hand. He are staying at the house of Hon. Sanger (who are very noted for his operatics) in or about the Alps. Hon. Tessa Sanger (who looks to be not more old as fifteen, but are so lovely as paint) are deepishly in love with Hon. Dodd. Saidly Dodd are also in love with her, but non-discovers same till Act 3 in Hammersmith. Hon. Sanger becomes suddenly defunct of a cough in Scene 2, which causes to arrive Hon. cousin name of Florence from England. This put the 1-st bean in the soup because Hon. Dodd seeks to nuptial her.

"Kindly to espouse me!" he ejacules rhapsodishly. "Then we shall be more happy as larks or other featured sky-birds."

"No," responses Florence, "you are not a nuptialing person, but live to only produce arias, largoes, and suchly musical notes."

"That are a fearfully truthless lie," he responses, seizing her by the neck with 2 hands. "Kiss and nuptial me, otherwisely I shall cause you to wish you had been non-born."

"O how more sweet as honeycomb it are to be loved," she engurgles. "Let us then nuptial and secure a house in Hammersmith or other artistic environs."

When Tessa succeeds to learn of these transpirings, she becomes more angry as a Nemesis or other Fury.

"You have stolen my Dodd for nuptialing!" she emblazes to Hon. Florence, "but he does not love you a damn. I trust to goodness you will live to be entirely non-happy, which I think are more certain as eggs."

Act 2 transports us from the Alps to Hammersmith-sur-Thames. Hon. Dodd and Florence are now nuptialed, but have grown to become very affectionateless and to fight like as cats and dogs.

"I are giving a tea *soirrée* to-day, so kindly to wash your neck and non-behave like a genius or other cultureless person, but more as if you were an Upper 10," enjoints Florence.

"I shall entirely non-wash my neck, which are a very geniusless habit," responses Hon. Dodd. "Also I are not an Upper 10, and should more love to see myself in a grave than be 1. So kindly to put that in Hon. pipe and smoke same."

Just before the *soirrée* starts to begin, Tessa and her sister arrive to inform they have run away from their education school because of non-liking hockey and Hon. mistress's face. This causes Florence to knash her teeth for fury. But not Dodd.

"O, this are like the so good old days in the Alps!" he ejacules. "Let us eat some tea on the floor like as per 6 months ago."

"You are more awful as pigs!" declams Hon. wife of same. "Kindly to put on your polite-garments more quickly as possible. What should my Upper 10's think if they enter to find you performing these so lowish-class revellings like as gutter or other education-less snipes?"

'You have stolen my Dodd for nuptialing!' she emblazes"

Hon. Upper 10 guests arrive in 2's, masc and femn. Then Hon. lady and gent ejacule a duet and Hon. lady performs a Brahms for 2 hands on the piano which sounds to be very non-cheerful and pepless. So soonly as they have recover, Hon. guests requesh Dodd (who are very famous pianoster and can bang spots off Hon. Sir Kubelik and Hon. Sir

Wagner and other prime *concertos*) to execute some tunes per piano for good entertainings."

"I feel very O.K.-less," he responses, "and more non-musical as a haggis or other piproach, so kindly to excuse."

"O but you must," ejaculates Florence. "Perhapsly this shall secure you a goodish piano job at ducrative £'s per weekly."

"I do not wish for £'s per weekly, but for only Art," he repops, and engulfs a B. and S.

"If you do not blow us a tune, I shall make it so hot for you as a casserole," responses Florence, more red as a turnpike.

"All so well then, if you will *have* it!" he rejoints. He hits the piano on the knobs and sings, "I are only a pig in a silver cage."

This causes to produce a pretty kettle of hot water, and Hon. guests exit themselves more quickly as beer on a bank-holiday.

"O Tessa," he begroans, "I are frightfully non-happy. O how much better it should have been to nuptial you instead of Hon. Florence and be kept in a silver sty."

"Kindly to not talk through Hon. hat," responses Tessa woeishly. "I are very young, and non-possess any dibs or other worldly perks."

"It are more better to be loved and dibless, than dibbed and loveless," he bemoans. "Would you kindly to permit I should elope you?"

"O no!" she ejacules. "How can you imagine to suppose I should be so cricketless? I love you, but non-elopeishly. Alasly, it cannot be!"

Hon. Dodd performs a concert at Queen's Hall with enormous success. But when Florence comes to offer her congratules, he informs same that he are now going away to not ever return.

"O this are frightful cataplasm!" she declams. 'Nothing are more awful as to be nuptialed but non-spoused. It are so enormously *outré* in Hammersmith."

"It are too late," he informs. "You are not any better as a vamp and I hate you more deeper as cold mutton."

He then elopes Tessa to Brussels, where they arrive after suffering severeish stomach agonies and other marine spasms.

"O this room are more airless as a vacuo. Kindly to produce me some ozone or other hygienic ethers, if only 1 pint," bemoans Tessa, and defuncts on the spot.

How glad I are to not be Lewis Dodd. And so *bon nuit*.

Yugo Hama

"He then elopes Tessa to Brussels"

By Bowes

THE "INS AND OUTS" OF THE GAME

"What sort of a game does he play?"
"Oh, he's improving. Just at present he's a sort of golfer in the rough"

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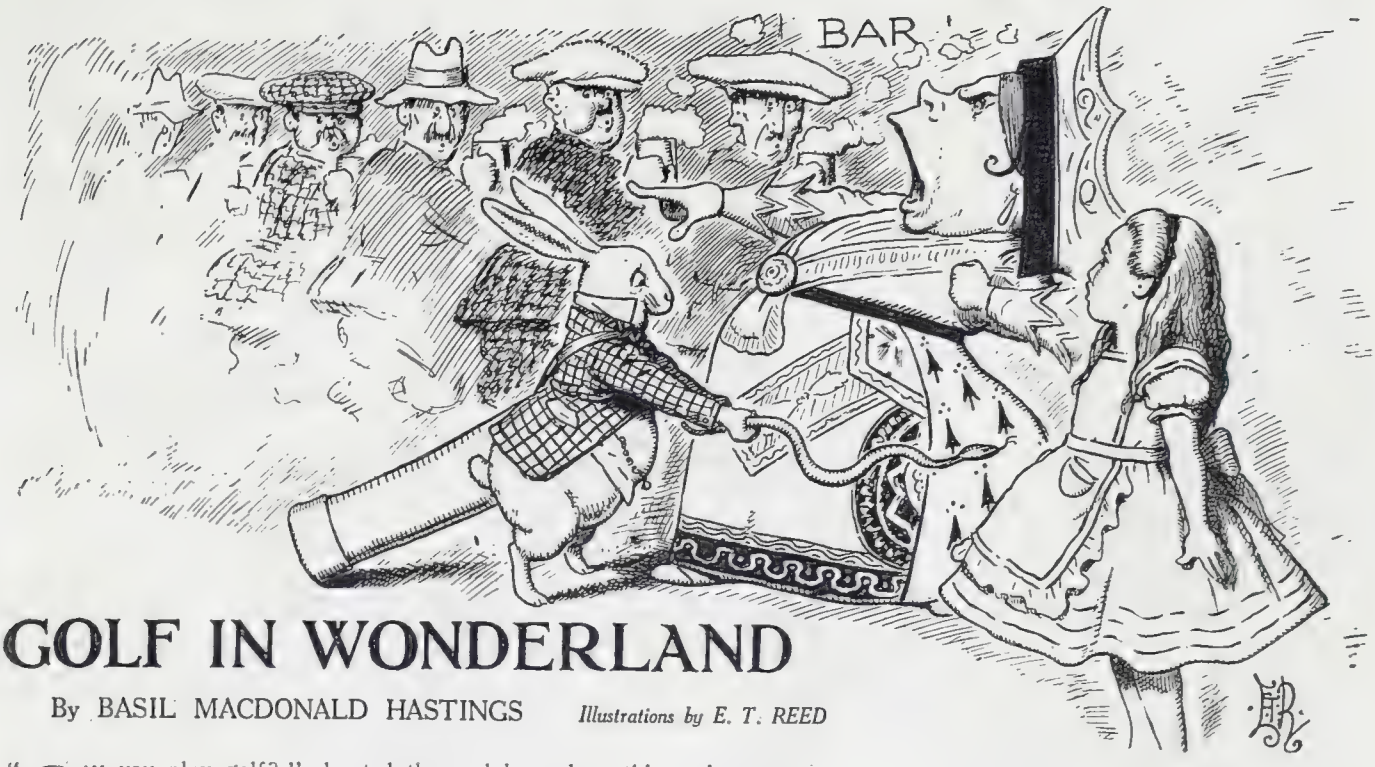
BY H. B. HARRIS

D FOUR OFF THE FIRST TEE

That's the Spirit!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A golfing psychologist arranges an interesting foursome with some old pals from the Spirit World



GOLF IN WONDERLAND

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS *Illustrations by E. T. REED*

"CAN you play golf?" shouted the Queen.

"Yes," replied Alice.

"Come on, then," roared the Queen, and Alice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

"It will be a very fine day," said a timid little voice at Alice's side. It came from the White Rabbit.

"I think it looks like a beastly day," Alice replied.

"Hush! Hush!" said the Rabbit, in a low, hurried tone. Then he raised himself on tip-toes and whispered in Alice's ear, "It is one of the rules of golf that it is always going to be a fine day."

"But you can't force it to be a fine day."

"You can if there's a rule against it not being a fine day. If it isn't fine, everyone has to pay a fine, and, as the Queen is the treasurer, it makes it a fine day for her."

"I see," said Alice, but she wasn't sure if she did.

"Get to your places!" shouted the Queen in a voice of thunder, and people began running about in all directions, but most from places marked "Refreshments," "Bar," and "Buffet."

"Why do they all go to the drinking pools before they start?" asked Alice.

"No one must start without a handicap," said the White Rabbit. "That would be cheating. Here, take your snake."

To Alice's intense astonishment she found that the only club used on this curious course was a live snake.

"Don't be frightened of it. All the poison is taken out of its fangs, if the club professional knows his job, and all you have to do is to wind it round your arm till your turn comes."

Alice thought it was a hopeless golf-course. It was all perfectly flat, dotted with trees and without any bunkers or rough ground. The holes were indicated by birds' nests, with birds sitting on them.

"I can understand your using a bird's nest for a hole," said Alice, "but why do you have a live bird covering it?"

"To make it more difficult," shrieked the Queen, who had overheard. "Come along, it's your turn."

Alice prepared to drive off, but the snake would go wiggly, refusing to be straight for a single moment. The Queen laughed at her. Then all the Court and the White Rabbit laughed till the Queen threatened them with execution.

"Shall I help the young person?" asked the Knave of Hearts.

"You will do nothing of the sort, poltroon. You will go straight to the pool where you see most froth and tell my Royal Husband that he is overdoing his handicap."

The White Rabbit crept near to Alice and contrived to whisper, "Leave your club alone. You'll get home much quicker."

Guessing the club to be the snake, Alice just let it hang down by the tail. Instantly the snake took the ball in his mouth.

"Good gracious," squealed Alice. "He's going to eat it."

"Why shouldn't he?" said the White Rabbit. "It's an egg, and snakes like eggs."

"A real live egg?"

"So we hope, costing only 1s. 2d. a dozen. That's much better than those expensive guttapercha balls, isn't it? But come along to the first hole. Someone else wants to swallow off."

As they walked down the course Alice suddenly exclaimed: "Look, he's swallowing the egg. You can see it going farther and farther along him."

"Alice prepared to drive off, but the snake would go wiggly"

"Never mind. You can soon squeeze it back into his mouth."

When they reached the first hole, Alice, instructed by the White Rabbit, squeezed the egg back into the snake's mouth, and then lowered the snake on to the sitting bird. The bird pecked at the snake for a while, but presently hopped off the nest and flew into a poplar tree. Alice then tapped the snake on the head and he dropped the egg into the nest.

"Now," said the White Rabbit, "write your name on the egg and take your snake back to the pavilion."

"And is that the end of the game?"

"Yes. But you do not know if you have won yet. The bird settles that. Here it comes."

The bird flew down from the trees and sat on Alice's egg.

"You see," said the White Rabbit, "the bird may one day hatch out the egg, and, if your name is on the broken shell, you are the winner."

Other golfers were approaching them carrying their egg-bearing snakes in the direction of other bird-covered nests.

"It seems to me our eggs will all be hatched out together," was Alice's sensible comment.

"Only one of the eggs used is fertile. All the rest are bad eggs, about which many jokes are made."

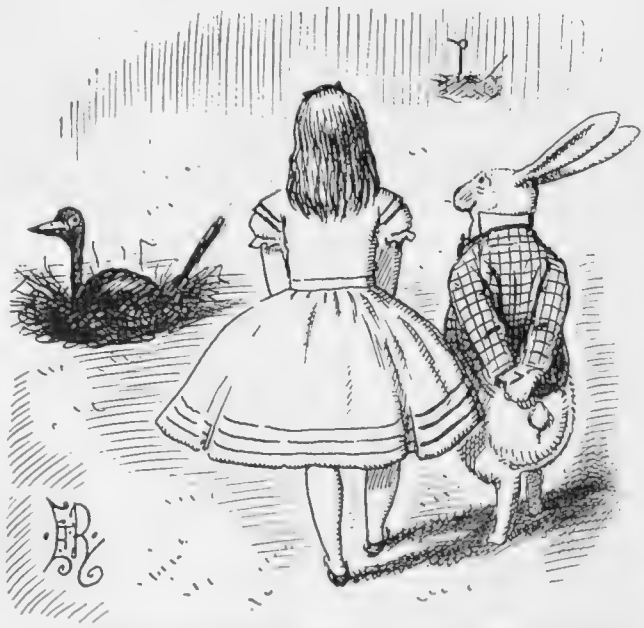
"I know. Thank you for not making one," said Alice.

The White Rabbit gave a thin smile and took Alice's snake into the pavilion. Alice followed, and saw her snake hung up over the fireplace in the smoking-room.

"What a funny place to keep snakes!" exclaimed Alice.

"Well, we found that at night members saw them up there whether they were there or not, so we thought it best the good boys should be in the right."

"Most thoughtful."



"The holes were indicated by birds' nests, with birds sitting on them"

Just at that moment the Queen entered the smoking-room, followed by the King and the Executioner. The King said something to the White Rabbit, and the White Rabbit exposed his cuffs showing the links he was wearing. The King and the Executioner then went quite sadly to the bar.

"I hope you enjoyed your game of golf," roared the Queen. "It was good of you to patronise us."

"Don't mention it," smiled Alice.

"Don't be rude," thundered the Queen.

"I didn't intend to be rude."

"You told me not to mention it. Who are you to forbid me mentioning anything? Anyway, I did mention it, and it is a waste of time to say 'Don't.'"

Alice hung her head.

"Don't you think this is the best game of golf in the world?"

"You certainly get it over quickly," said Alice tremblingly.

"In some countries they have 17 more holes. That would mean 17 more birds' nests and 17 more broody birds per player per hole. Can you multiply by 17? Of course you can't. Where's the Executioner?"

The Executioner hurried up, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Cut off this girl's head!"

"Nonsense," said Alice, very loudly and decidedly. "If I am decapitated and subsequently win this golf competition, I shall not be able to give a mother's care to my little nestling."

"Perfectly correct," shouted the Queen. Then she pointed a finger at the Executioner, and said: "Go and behead the Club Secretary instead."

When Alice and the White Rabbit were on their way home, the latter assured Alice that there was no Secretary to behead, and that, as far as winning the game of golf was concerned, the Queen always had the new-laid egg for herself, and so became known as the Lady Champion of Wonderland.

B. M. H.

Bertram Park

A TENSE MOMENT

Sybil Thorndike as Natiejda appeals to Colonel Tsaloff (Basil Gill) in a powerful scene in "The Greater Love." This play, which is at the Princes Theatre, deals with Russian life in pre-war days

GOING UP

The Hon. Lady Bailey, who recently obtained her pilot's certificate, photographed at Stag Lane Aerodrome before her departure to take part in an aerial demonstration at Norwich. The 'plane she flies is a "Moth"

A Medley of Sporting Events with

Photographs

Central News

PARLIAMENTARY GOLF

Two photographs of the golf match between Roehampton and the House of Commons, which was recently held at Roehampton. On the left the Rt. Hon. Ian Macpherson, K.C., M.P., is seen driving off, and on the right Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.P., "gets away" from a good brassy lie

Photographs

GOLF IN LEICESTERSHIRE

Charles Whitcombe (Crews Hill), who won the medal competition at Rothley Park, Leicester. His score was only one stroke above the record of the course

Sport and General

AN R.A.F. MEETING

Squadron-Leader C. H. Hayward, who won the scratch prize at the R.A.F. Winter Meeting. This was recently held at Denham

MOVING UP ONE

Topical

An incident during the Torpids at Oxford, which took place in extremely unfriendly weather. Worcester II are seen at the moment of being bumped by University II during one of the races in the III Division

Photographs

THE WINNERS

The Irish Hockey XI which travelled to Newtown, Monmouthshire, to do battle against Wales. They beat the home side by four goals to one

THE WELSH TEAM

P. B. Abery

Who lost to Ireland in a game played in driving rain. Despite the weather conditions, the quality of the play was of a very high standard

the one Common Factor—Rain

Sport and General

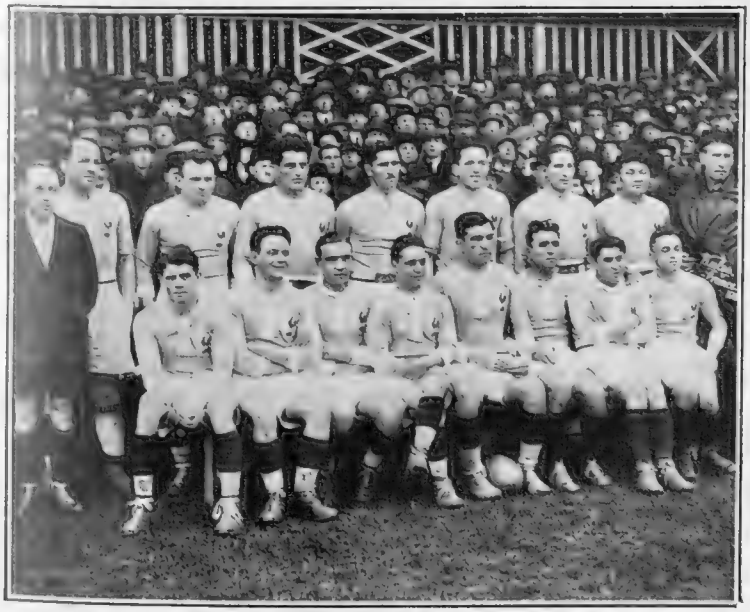
G. P. U.

THE INTERNATIONAL AT DUBLIN

Two photographs of the teams in the International Rugby match at Lansdowne Road, Dublin. On the left is the victorious Irish XV, who overcame Scotland (right) after a severe struggle in the mud and rain. The Irish forwards succeeded in beating the Scottish forwards at their own game of "feet"

A MELEE 'MIDST THE MUD *I. B.*

An action photograph of the International Rugger match between Ireland and Scotland at Dublin, which vividly illustrates the appalling conditions under which it took place. Ireland won by 6 points to nil



THE LOSERS *Sport and General*

The French XV who were beaten by Wales at Cardiff Arms Park. They put up a hard fight, but the home side proved too strong for them and won comfortably

VICTORIOUS WALES *G. P. U.*

In a game marred by heavy rain and wind the Welsh XV routed France at Cardiff. The final score was 25 points to 7

BY H. H. HARRIS

"SHANGHAI'D"

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

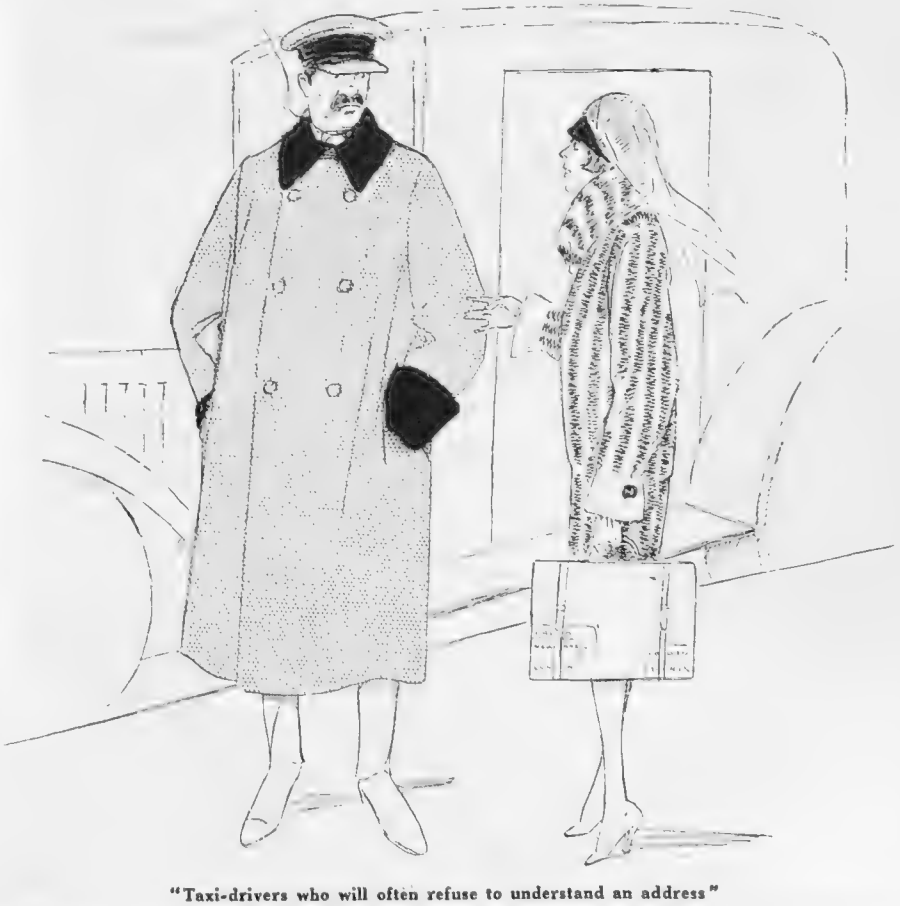
Mes Amis—

This time I believe Mme. Ida Rubenstein has conquered. Some of us are rather glad. I do not think there is anybody who has performed on any Paris stage within the last decade who has had to put up with such consistently ill-disposed criticism as Mme. Rubenstein; yet she has valiantly continued her efforts in spite of the bespatterers. Fortunately, she possesses the means with which to carry on. She is able to stage her own productions and to stage them with a magnificence with which the ordinary producer cannot compete. Otherwise the critics might have been too powerful for her.

One is pleased about the new turn of things because it is hateful to the sense of fairness to see anyone attacked all the time. Mme. Rubenstein comes, it is said, from somewhere east of the Vistula, and she was constantly made the butt of more or less acid pens because of her accent, which was alleged to make her lines incomprehensible. The Paris critics can be very like the Paris taxi-drivers, who will often refuse to understand an address as given by a foreigner although all the time the pronunciation is quite correct.

On account of this weakness, which was obviously being reduced with time, many of the critics declined to encourage or even to recognise her very fine efforts to give increased splendour to staging by the employment of her wealth, and turned a blind eye to all save defects of enunciation or acting. But before the *prestigieuse* production of *L'Impératrice aux rochers* at the Opéra they seem to have decided to bow at last, with as much grace as possible, and allow that Mme. Rubenstein is well serving the cause of art. It is a great gain for her.

L'Impératrice aux rochers, which is written by the poet Saint-Georges du Bouhelier and is inaccurately called a "mystery," is the most spectacular thing that Mme. Rubenstein has done. The plain statement of fact obviates any need for superlatives. It is a series of pictures of breath-taking resplendency, with a charming mediæval story. Mme. Rubenstein is Vittoria, the devoted wife of the Emperor Aurélien, and her task is to foil the plots of the Emperor's jealous brother Othon. Othon, a really thorough-going villain, begins by almost murdering Aurélien, death only being countered by the fervour of Vittoria's prayers.



"Taxi-drivers who will often refuse to understand an address"

"Elvire Popesco, who is a most effervescent personality"

Then he tries to subdue Vittoria while the Emperor is on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and she only escapes by promising a rendezvous in a tower and giving her ring as a pledge. She locks him in the tower, but no sooner has Aurélien returned than he denounces her as unfaithful, offering the ring as evidence, and she is cast away to die on the rocks. Othon is only overcome, and Vittoria and Aurélien reunited, by a divine intervention. Besides some fine scenes, such as the Court of Love in pearl-grey and silver and the Cathedral spectacle, there are beautiful dramatic passages.

Louis Verneuil, whose *Tu m'épouseras* has just been produced at the Théâtre de Paris, is another of the outstanding theatrical figures of Paris who has to fight against permanent hostility. There is nothing "foreign" with which he can be reproached, but somehow the pundits "just can't abide him." He has now driven them to extremes of frenzy by publicly announcing that he constructs his plays to measure. When a manager orders a play, he says, "I do my best to give him what will suit his theatre, his public, and even his company.

How terribly shocking, say the mandarins. "Fancy making plays to precise measurements just like a tailor." Louis Verneuil is millions of

kilometres beyond the pale. But M. Verneuil can afford to *rigoler* while the critics scatter their poisoned darts. He gets the public, and, after all, the *cochons de payants* are the people who hold up the playhouses. Many of the critics who are writers of plays themselves would, as playwrights, probably be only too glad, really, if *they* could conceive plays with such facility that they could do just what was wanted for a particular house at a particular time. Then they would probably accumulate less bile.

"Was refused a table for tea"

Tu m'épouseras is written for Mme. Elvire Popesco, who is the determined lady of the command, "Thou shalt marry me." Mme. Popesco, a Rumanian, is a most effervescent personality on a stage, and when she has the scope she can be counted on for an evening's excellent diversion. As this play is written round her it is thoroughly enjoyable. There should not be any need for any orders for plays for the Théâtre de Paris for some while.

"While the critics scatter their poisoned darts"

PERHAPS the thing which one appreciates most of all about really good hotels is the "smoothness." Nothing is so *agaçant* as a service which is obtrusive, however efficient it may be in other respects. Yet it is astonishing how much the desired "atmosphere" can be dependent on one man. We have just had a piquant example in an hotel of the Place Vendôme, which it is unnecessary to name as it will be easily identified by even those who possess only a nodding acquaintance with Paris. All the distress came about because Olivier went away for a holiday.

OLIVIER is the *maître d'hôtel*, and he is as well known to Society folk of London, New York, Buenos Aires and Rio as he is to inhabitants of the Avenue du Bois. It is doubtful if they could even hint at his other names, he being universally known as Olivier, but Olivier himself could probably fix name and rank to most of the people in the Who's Whos of the chief capitals. Consequently faces are passports and bankers' references combined when Olivier is about. But while he was away a *grande dame* of a southern country was refused a table for tea by an unpractised deputy, and, among other mishaps, a notoriously wealthy Parisian was refused credit for an insignificant sum when he happened to have forgotten his wallet. Olivier will have to forgo holidays.

Maîtres d'hôtel generally are, of course, very skilled observers. It has often been a matter of wonderment to me, when dining in a Paris restaurant with English friends who gave an order in French which had no trace of accent, that the *maître d'hôtel* should be so sure of his clients' nationality that he replied in English. I presumed it was a guess based on clothes. But it seems that these *maîtres d'hôtel* have an elaborate system of signs by which clients reveal their nationality almost unfailingly—mannerisms in seeking a place and occupying it, of approaching the menu and constructing it, the dominant, equal, or effacing part played by a wife, and so on. Even the most practised travellers, it appears, plainly advertise their nationality. And now we know why waiters make such efficient spies.

RENÉ.

A PHYSICIAN says that Beaune is really a meat. It tastes better, though, if you crack a flask of Camembert with it.

. . . . .

"BOBBY, I'm going to whip you."

"Well, if you must do it, daddy, do you mind using mummy's shoulder strap?"

. . . . .

"I SAW her act once in 'The Liars.'"

"I saw her, too, in the 80's."

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The Wicked Earl and The Wild West

A ROCKY PASSAGE

The Earl of Clarges, alias The Apache Kid (Cyril Maude), finds himself literally on the rocks with the schoolmistress, Sally Lunn (Marion Lorne). The latter's costume is hardly of the latest Parisian cut!

Photographs *Stage Photo Co.*

WHERE MEN ARE MEN!

The Earl (Cyril Maude) finds that, when one falls into the hands of the "lads of the village" in the woolly West, one is expected to dress up to recognised standards. Inset: The Earl experiences a nasty moment on meeting Death Valley Tomkins (Alfred Drayton). The photographs depict scenes from "The Wicked Earl," the latest—and last—play to be put on by Cyril Maude. It is at His Majesty's Theatre

RACING NOTIONS By "Carbine"

Mr. Selfridge and the National

I WONDER whether Mr. Selfridge is to enjoy the same wonderful luck as befell Mr. Charles Schwartz last year by winning the Grand National at the first time of asking? Few horses in the race are more certain of completing the country than his recent purchase Misconduct. You will remember that this good-looking 'chaser got round without mishap last year, and with reasonable fortune there is not the slightest reason why he should not repeat that performance. That the horse is fit and well was shown by his successful effort at Kempton Park last week. I think Misconduct was a bit lucky to prevail on that occasion, as the mistake made by Hop On two fences from the finish undoubtedly cost that horse the race. Still, this is all in the game, and it has to be borne in mind that Misconduct was full of running at the end. He will certainly appreciate the longer distance which has to be covered at Aintree. "Novice's luck" prevails to a large extent on the Turf, and Mr. Selfridge will be justified in going to Liverpool with the hope that the first horse he has owned will do the trick.

Amberwave's Prospects

AMONG recent performances of Grand National candidates none has made a greater impression on me than the victory of Amberwave at Gatwick. When this horse appeared in England many were inclined to scoff at the idea that he could win a National. He certainly bungled his fences rather badly at first, but this was simply due to the fact that he had come straight from Ireland, where he was accustomed to the banks at Punchestown and elsewhere. English fences were something new to him, but as a clever horse should do, he has learned his lessons and there was not

By "THE TOUT"

MR. W. PAYNE

Who has been riding with wonderful success this winter. He is the son of "Billy" Payne, the famous trainer

the slightest fault to be found with the exhibition he gave at Gatwick. I do not think Amberwave can be described as a "fashion plate," but handsome is as handsome does, and you cannot get away from the fact that his performances in Ireland were exceptionally brilliant. In addition to being a bold jumper he seems to be possessed of any amount of stamina. I think, therefore, he is one who will have to be seriously reckoned with at Aintree. In Mr. J. O'Brien he will have an exceedingly capable cross-country jockey.

This Week at Cheltenham

I HOPE that favourable weather conditions will prevail for the delightful National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham this week. In any case the hunting people who roll up in great strength at this annual fixture are in no sense fair-weather sportsmen, so that we may expect to see the usual big crowds in Prestbury Park, whether the elements are propitious or not. We have three days' racing of a highly interesting character. One trainer told me last week that he expects to run no fewer than fifteen horses on the third day of the meeting. This is an indication that big fields are likely to be the order. The centre of interest on Wednesday will be the National Hunt Steeplechase. I hear that **Little Jim II** is expected to gain a popular local success. On Thursday the big race will be the National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase, which may be won by **Keep Cool.** At the end of the week we have some more interesting sport in prospect at Hurst Park, including the four-mile National Trial Steeplechase, a notable test of stamina. **Mount Etna** may win again if he has not picked up a penalty. In his absence **Shaun Or** is my choice.

HUNTING NOTES By A. W. Coaten

Red-letter Days

I DOUBT whether many hunting runs of the present season will go down to history as really great affairs. Truth to tell, sport on the whole has not been of an extraordinary character, but as the season has been open, and foot-and-mouth disease has been less prevalent than for two winters past, followers of hounds have a good deal to be thankful for. It is quite possible that some red-letter days will be recorded during the present month, for scenting conditions have greatly improved in many countries as the result of the heavy rainfalls in February. The going is exceedingly heavy in most places, and hounds can usually get the better of horses when scent favours them. The Duke of Beaufort's hounds had to wait until the end of February before they showed their best day of the season. Those who were out with this pack when they met at Sevington came in for a wonderful afternoon.

Triumph for the Duke

IT was certainly the best run in the experience of the popular young Master, who is proving himself one of the smartest huntsmen who have ever blown the horn in the widespreading Badminton domains. It was with a fox from Stock Wood that the cream of this notable Beaufort day was enjoyed. Quickly it became evident that scent was serving well, and there was not the slightest check as they hunted through Stanton Park and on past Bincombe. The run proceeded into the V.W.H. country, and possibly hounds changed foxes a little later, but there was no appreciable halt to prove the accuracy of this theory. The run continued over some of the best part of the Badminton territory. Eventually the fox slipped underground at Widley's Hill, but thanks to the assistance of a terrier hounds were not robbed of their well-earned reward.

A Notable Run

THE hunt lasted for something like two hours, and more than twenty miles of country must have been covered. When it is stated that the going was almost fetlock deep in some places you can imagine that horses were pretty well done at the end of the hunt. In the first half of the run there was a point of six miles, while in the concluding stage a further point of seven miles was made, so it will be realised that hounds ran uncommonly straight. The run was without a check to speak of, and scarcely a covert was touched in the second hour. The performance was undoubtedly one which is sure to be talked about for a long time by the followers of the ducal pack.

The Late Mrs. Fernie

THE tragic death of Mrs. Edith Fernie came as a great shock to her innumerable hunting friends. In her day she was one of the best women riders in the Shires, and she saw most of the best sport which was shown when Mr. Charles Fernie was hunting the Market Harborough district over a long period. On his death she hunted the country on her own account for a season, while in the following year Mrs. Walter Faber was Joint-Master with her. More recently Mrs. Fernie had hunted with Lincolnshire packs.

Filling the Gaps

IT is satisfactory to notice that some of the vacant Mastersships are being suitably filled. In the Pytchley country the arrangement by which Mr. Ronald Tree is to join Colonel Jack Lowther has been received with great pleasure. So far as I can gather the new appointment does not mean that Frank Freeman is to sever his connection with the pack. From Yorkshire comes the news that a Joint-Mastership has been arranged in the Badsworth country, where Major L. B. Holliday is to be partnered next season by Mr. Ralph Warde-Aldam, of Frickley Hall. Another gap to be filled is that in the Hertfordshire country, where Miss Angela Beit is retiring after a single season in the Mastership.

BY HAROLD EARNSHAW

FORM AT A GLANCE

The Riviera Week by Week

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

P. and A.

ROYALTY EN VACANCE

The King and Queen of Denmark enjoying a stroll in the sunshine. They have been staying at Cannes

C. T. Wood-Hall

IN THE SUNSHINE

Lord and Lady Sidmouth caught by the camera whilst out for a stroll. The photograph was taken near the links at Valescure

Topical

AT THE "NINETEENTH"

Admiral Lord Jellicoe discussing "le golf" at Valescure. With him is Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson

In addition to the unusually large number of Royal visitors who are a feature of the present Riviera season there are countless notable members of the Services on holiday along the coast. Prominent among them is Field-Marshal Earl Haig, who has just arrived in Cannes to stay with his sister, Mrs. Jameson, who is at the Bellevue Hotel. The news of his visit had leaked out, in the way these things do, and there was quite a crowd at the station to greet him, much to his surprise, for he remarked that he was supposed to be travelling *incognito*! So well known a figure, however, could hardly hope to escape recognition, and, besides, he was wearing a bowler hat, which in itself would attract attention. Bowlers are almost unknown on the Riviera, though one visitor, very anxious to do the right thing, turned up last Sunday at the races in a grey one.

Earl Jellicoe and his daughter, Lady Myrtle, are staying at Valescure, and may be seen at Monaco shortly. Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson and his family have been at Valescure for some time past, and admirals and other officers of high rank, both naval and military, are to be met with daily anywhere between Hyères and Menton.

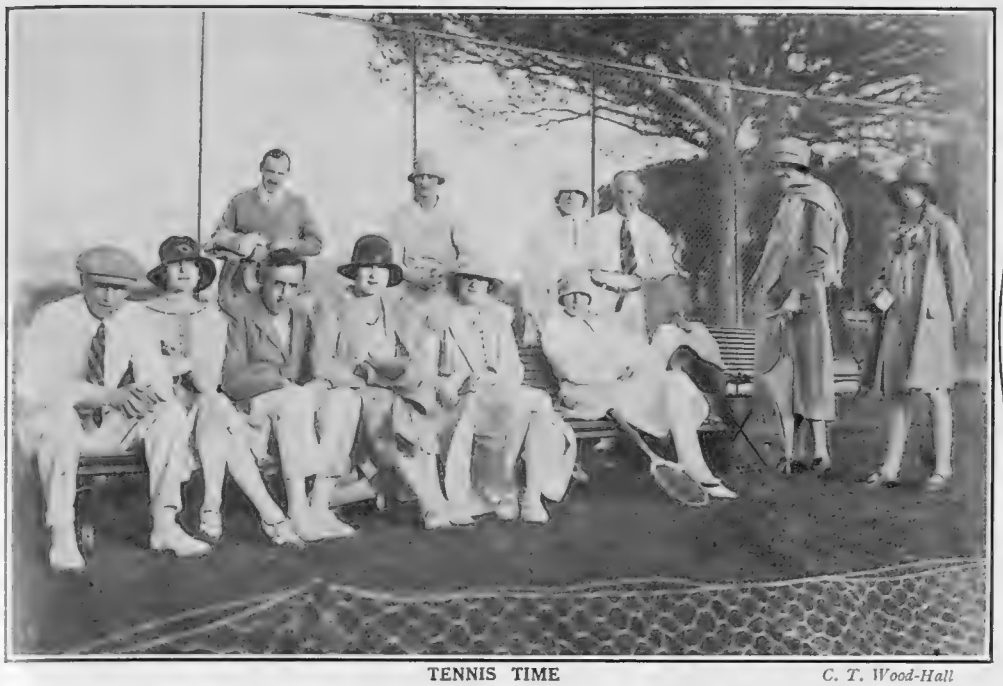
Cannes has never been so crowded before, and hotel accommodation is very difficult to get. The Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly had to be content with rooms at one of the smaller hotels in the town, but they have so many good friends here that I should think it would hardly matter very much where they make their headquarters. The Aga Khan, Baron James de Rothschild, and Sir Ian Malcolm are among the latest arrivals at the Carlton, where applicants are being turned away in dozens daily. Viscount Knollys, who has been in Monte Carlo lately, is at the Hôtel Californie for the present, while among the guests at the Hôtel des Anglais was the Bishop of Gibraltar, who has been paying his annual visit, Prince and Princess Paul of Serbia, and Princess Nicholas of Greece.

The King and Queen of Denmark continue to enjoy to the full their very informal holiday, and the King remarked the other day that this was the first time in seventeen years they had been able to get right away from affairs of State for a few weeks. They have not attended any public functions yet, apart from the gala dinners at the Ambassadeurs, but everyone is hoping to see them at the big Franco-Russian Gala this week. They have very highly appreciated the warm welcome and the manner in which the winter colony has allowed them to move about freely like any ordinary visitors. I think the King has deprived Sir George Stanistreet of the distinction of being the tallest man in the town.

Mr. Reginald McKenna has now joined Mrs. McKenna at St. Raphael, where they are staying at the villa of Mrs. Ernest McKenna. Viscount Sidmouth is at the Golf Hotel at Valescure, and Lord Hardinge of Penshurst and Sir William and Lady Leese are at Coirier's. A short spell of rainy weather has interfered with golf and tennis for a while, but after more than two months of bright sunny days it would be ungracious to complain, and anyway, the links will be all the better for the rain. This week the competition for the Bystander Prizes will take place at Hyères, and those at Costebelle are announced for the 16th. Serious practice is going on at each club, for these competitions are notable events of the season.

The temporary breakdown of the weather was much regretted at Monte Carlo, for it threw out of gear the tennis programme at La Festa Courts. Many events had to be omitted, but the Butler Trophy and several other leading items were carried to a most successful conclusion during the week-end, when the sun came out and the thermometer rose to a record height for this year. The indoor festivities were all the brighter for the dull days, and dinners and dances were numerous and enjoyable. The Duke of Connaught is lunching and dining out frequently, and has been taking his guests, Lady Churston and her daughter, out a good deal.

Lord d'Abernon has arrived in the Principality from Rome, and is a welcome visitor, and Lady Walpole dined with him the night after his arrival, while Dr. Stresemann drove over from San Remo to lunch with the former Ambassador at Berlin. Others seen about during the week have been Sir Trevor and Lady Dawson (who have been dining with Sir Basil Zaharoff), Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Lady (Herbert) Parsons, Sir Samuel and Lady Instone, Lord and Lady Bethell—who come in occasionally from the Bristol at Beaulieu, where they are staying—Field-Marshal Sir Claud and Lady Jacob, Major-General Sir Pomeroy Holland-Pryor, Lady Chichester, Lord Wimborne, Viscount and Viscountess Grey, Princess Hatzfeldt, Sir Hall Caine and his wife, Sir Leicester Harmsworth, Lady Moyra Cavendish, Viscount Cranborne, and Sir Raymond Greene—an undoubtedly distinguished and representative list for any pleasure resort to publish, and one, of course, far from complete.



TENNIS TIME *C. T. Wood-Hall*

Some players and spectators sitting out with the photographer on the courts at Valescure. The group includes Sir Roderick Wigan, Mrs. de Lang Long, Miss Quilter, Lord Jellicoe, Lady Myrtle Jellicoe, Major Ridley and Mr. Pharezyn

IN CONSULTATION

The Baron Pierre de Coubertin (right), President of the Olympic Games, conversing with M. Bret, who is now engaged in drawing up the scheme for Cannes d'Eté. The photograph was taken at Cannes

E. Navello

AT MONTE CARLO

A party of visitors to Monte Carlo setting out for a motor run. The photograph shows Miss F. Malone (left), Sir Hamar and Lady Greenwood, Lord Gisborough and Lady Cottier

IN THE MOUNTAINS *C. N. Daly*

Mlle. J. Francke and Miss Pat du Cros photographed at Piera-Cava. This little village, about two hours' climb above Nice, is gaining firm favour as a winter sports resort

The Menton International Tennis Tournament has just started, and most of the best players of the day on the Riviera have entered. There are a great many tennis enthusiasts at this end of the Côte d'Azur, among them Count Raoul de Bourbel, who takes an active part in the management of the Riviera Tennis Federation, and is one of our best-known residents, and there will be large attendances at the courts, especially towards the latter half of the week, when the semi-finals and finals take place. Our latest arrivals in Menton include Sir Russell and Lady Bencraft, well-known Hampshire residents, Sir Anthony and Lady Coll, who lived for many years in Jamaica, and Sir Bertram Hayes.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

AT THE CLUBHOUSE

Players in a match between Nice and Hyères golf clubs photographed at the Hyères clubhouse. The home club won by 9 matches to 2

IF THE WORLD WERE ENDING

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

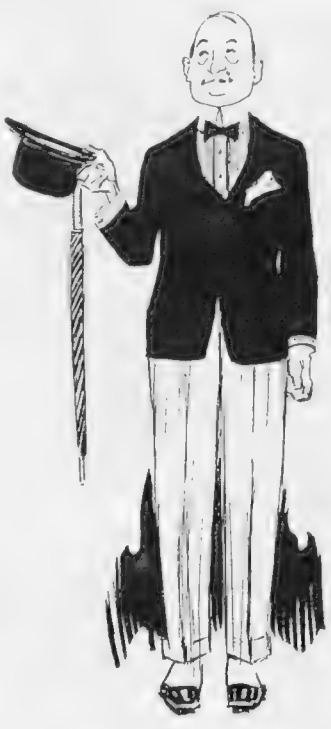
"The Kensington end of Chelsea"

LONDON, *March 7.*

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT would you do, I wonder, if you knew the world was coming to an end in a few weeks or so, or, anyway, it was at least 100 to 1 it would? Because of a comet that was rushing steadily at the earth at the rate of about 90,000 miles a minute (like in a play I saw the other night at the Court), and simply couldn't *help* hitting it in the end—which meant a complete break-up of the happy home and the utter explosion of everything on this planet into the *Ewigkeit* at one fell crash. What should we do—it's really rather an intriguing idea to guess about on a wet and windy March day or night, when an armchair around the inglenook's the best place to be, as you puff your latest pash in gaspers and wreathe the circumambient air with those smoke-rings that really and truly do, I'm positive, help to promote, stimulate and ginger up one's thoughts and ideas.

OF course if one was only *absolutely* certain. . . . Well, what a perfectly glorious, heaven-sent opportunity it'd be, wouldn't it, to do every single thing one'd always wanted to—quick results and no consequences, as Tallulah puts it in that lovely phrase in *The Gold Diggers*. Consequences—aye, there's the rub, though I expect we most of us exaggerate 'em tremendously; but at any rate with the world ending in three weeks or a couple of months or so, there'd be none in prospect except the spiritual and metaphorical kind, and I never heard of them worrying anyone very much, not since we abolished Hell Fire and things, anyway. And oh, those opportunities, what a vista of virtuous and also the other sort of rapture and joy!



"Good citizen of Balham"

FOR one thing, and first of all, methinks, we'd go around just lightly but satisfactorily tweaking the noses and mildly, though hearteningly, giving a (metaphorical *and* quite possibly material, too) push-in to the faces of those pompous and boring ones of the world who most of all have won their occasional successes in doing us down. The so-called politicians and people, *e.g.*, who are always saying nice things about every country but England, and explaining how important Russia is, and how necessary not to be too crudely patriotic, and so on. Not worth while even talking to them before, because they'd only talk back two to your one, and well-nigh smother you with their avalanche of anti-English chat that in this kind country isn't apparently even actionable, as the lawyers say. But with that nice new time-limit you'd just be thoroughly rude to them right away, and do something completely and suddenly unladylike and drastic, and "spit in their eye and leave 'em," as the cabman put it in Mr. Neil Lyons's wonderful coffee-stall epic, "Arthur's," that I've just been re-reading for the n+1th time—dost know that classic gem?

AND then there's all that great and glittering army of *poseurs* who tell you what you ought to think and feel about literature and art and the drama and life generally, not to mention religion—you meet them on the wireless quite often, by the way, as well as in pulpits, papers, parties at the Kensington end of Chelsea, and so-called literary gatherings of the Best-Sellers' Ring or Back-Scratchers' Paradise—you know the sort of club or society I mean, don't you, dear cousin? Remember that first (*and* last) one I took you to last year, when you disgraced yourself so terribly by asking Mr. Pushovitch or something, of Russia, who was the guest of the evening, what he'd written? Which wouldn't have mattered so much only Mr. Shovaloff, or words to that effect, being a bit tired and inarticulate after copious eloquence and bubbly, you then went and asked the chairman (who'd just happened to remark that he was quite the greatest writer of this or any other century), and somehow *she* didn't know either! A truly sad affair, what?

BUT with either Oblivion or Final Justice only a few short weeks ahead, methinks we could cope for a space even with these (I'm rather inclined to think) yet more awful menaces of our modern world.

"As you puff your lastest pash in gaspers"

Stop them talking altogether? Yes, I thought of that, too, but it'd be a *bit* too stiff a job for us, meseems, and p'raps a shade too cruel to *them*. Shut 'em all up together instead, shall us, in, say, the Albert Hall (having first warned Mr. Cochran to escape), and let them talk to each other and write articles at each other about Proust and Gertrude Stein, and Sarah Bernhardt and the Albigenses, and the Antinomian heresy and the inwardness of Beethoven or Bakst, and Duse and Edmund Kean, and Thoreau and Hudson, and Karl Capek and Jew Süss, and oh, anyone else they happen to have heard of who sounds nice and highbrow—not forgetting, of course, their own distinguished selves. Of which last, though, *'y a pas beaucoup de danger* of their forgetting,

n'est-ce pas? Not seriously much, anyway, *je ne pense pas,* or, in other words (said she in their own pleasantly instructive manner), I don't think.

A RATHER sad business, *entre nous,* this, *The Blue Comet* of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's, that I started off by telling you about. Idea good, but oh the affair itself of a *longueur* and dreariness truly insupportable—how is it possible that the author of *The Farmer's Wife* and *Yellow Sands* could have written this? A pity is not it—but just shows that the idea of "horses for courses" is not quite such a bad one after all. I mean, there's been quite a lot of moan lately about how actors and playwrights are tied down to a type once they've made a success of it, and it sounds, of course, dreadfully drastic, but now I'm not so sure. . . .

BEEN suggested, by the way, that theatres'll have to start heaps and lots earlier if they're going to do any good in future, because of the suburban cinemas that are open any time you like to go, and the good citizen of Balham, Brixton, or Upper Norwood, who, after all, has to get to bed some time, is not too frightfully thrilled by prospect of even the most exciting show that lands him for his last train at Victoria or somewhere about midnight or thereabouts. But why not, after all, start the theatres a bit earlier, too, come to think of it? Say 6.30 or 7 p.m. at latest, and serve dinner or sandwiches in the stalls—wouldn't make any more noise or interruption, *I'm* sure, than tea as habitually dealt out at *matinées,* with spoons invariably dropped and cups clattered just at the precise moment of the most excitingly emotional scenes.

"After copious eloquence and bubbly"

SIMPLY rows and tiers and relays of dress shows going on just now, whereat you can select all the world's most seductive models that probably only the mannequins (and you) could ever successfully wear. And Bond Street's rather delightful, too, in our occasional March sunshine, or even without, and even if you don't feel quite daring and expensive enough to venture within the portals of those delightful-to-contemplate shops where I've spent I don't know how much already these early Springish days, and don't care how much more I go on spending either—in spirit, that is.

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

The Seven Ages of Golf

By Hartley Carrick

All the world's a Links,
And all the men and women merely golfers.
They have their score-cards, and their handicaps;
And one man in his time plays many rounds,
His acts being seven stages. At first the Novice,
Lifting his head up as he fluffs each shot.
Then the "24" man with his golf-bag,
And whining, mourning face, wielding his flail
Like some untutored fool: and then the Smiter
Clean off the fairway, causing thus his caddie
To raise a sandy eyebrow: then the Colonel
Full of strange oaths and quarrelling with his pard,
Craving the "honour," sudden and quick in action,
Seeking the Monthly Medal or a Spoon
To place within his mouth: and then the Plus Man,
In fair condition, with good plus-fours lined
With pull-over of quite abnormal cut,
Full of wise hints and modern implements—
And so he plays his part: the sixth age shifts
Into a sort of Peter Pantaloon,
Poor spectacle, who'll bet you half a crown,
Yet finds the distant green a world too far
For Shank's mare, but in his piping voice
Tells how he did the eighteenth hole in one,
And whistles on the round: last scene of all,
That ends the history of Life's Tournament,
Is second-childishness in the pavilion,
Yarns dull, yarns thin, yarns thick, yarns—
Everywhere!

SKETCHES BY LEO CHENEY

A Sportive Frenchman

WHO'S SULKING?

By "THE KENNELMAN"

LAST week's passing reference to the rising popularity here, of the French Bulldog, and the striking post-War renaissance of the same breed in Germany, brought a number of letters, mostly extolling the charms of the dapper and sturdy little Boule-dogue français, several asking for a description of him, and one expressing surprise that he "is practically unknown here in Scotland." The last-mentioned writer (who has evidently not attended recent Shows in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other northern centres) should get into touch with Dr. Mary Liston, of 33, Comely Bank, Edinburgh, a notable patron of the breed.

The F.B. is *not* a mere "Frenchified imitation of our own, the true, Bulldog." For instance, his jaws, despite some projection of the lower, are more nearly level; and his bat ears stand erect—or should. For the F.B. to display teeth or tongue is a grave fault. His stern is low-set, tail down; coat fine, brilliant, and soft to touch, and, preferably, a rich brindle, though white patches are not barred. Smart, active, cleanly built, quick in the uptake, and generally well-mannered, he is no bad sportsman, albeit quite the man-about-town.

J. R. Salisbury writes:—"It is impressive to find Lord Lambourne, at the age of seventy-nine, writing his enthusiastic tribute to Dogs. Among your other regular readers—and in these very doggy days they must be legion—some perhaps can beat my own record:—During past year I and my sons, and my grandsons, and two granddaughters, have exhibited prize-winning Dogs. I hold in my kennel files the Dog-licences of more than forty years. Writing of the effect of upbringing on the temper of Dogs, Lord Lambourne advises leaving a sulky Dog severely alone to wear off his sulks. For my part, I have known one or two 'canine cads'—far rarer than the human variety—and a few, very few, savage and untrustworthy specimens. These without exception had foreign blood in them. The purely-bred British Dog is nearly always a *sahib*, and very rarely of bad temper. But the 'sulky' Dog is unknown to me, and must, I fancy, be confined to the now happily almost extinct 'Lap' species. Most modern 'Toys'—so-called—are quite sports. Nearly all Dogs are highly sensitive to any form of *injustice*, though they seldom bear malice, even so. But 'sulks'—well, I've missed 'em, and am glad of it."

Tastes differ among doggy folk, as with others. One interesting correspondent (who left out the concluding page, and signature, of his letter), having emphatically endorsed my own suggestion that indiscriminate paying for other people's Dog-licences may well cause more harm than good, both to Dogs and humans, and adding that, whilst admiring Alsatians, he would like to see fewer of them, says:—"They are good Dogs when they are kept reasonably, though they come second to my love for Poms, the pluckiest, most savage, and cleverest little beasts that exist." So, you see, savagery is not everywhere resented, nor, apparently, confined to the erstwhile Schaefferhund. Let's see! Did not the Pom hail from Deutschland? In any case—*Chacun à son goût*; and, if some are better than others, all Dogs are good. And, be it noted, all Dogs, more than any other creatures living, reflect in themselves the disposition, no less than the manners, of their nearest human associates. "Love me, love my Dog," expresses not a frilly sentimentality, but a truth; for where you meet a Dog who moves you to great disgust or distaste you'll find every time that his menfolk are not at all your sort.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

A MUCH DISCUSSED RADIO HAND

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

I KNEW it would come, and it has.

When in the issue of February 9 I gave an example from America of a radio hand played by four famous experts, I was certain that some of my astute readers would point out how Mr. Whitehead could have made game.

I reprint the hands:—

	S.—J, 9, 7, 6, 2. H.—J, 6 D.—8, 6, 4. C.—K, 10, 5.	
S.—10, 8, 3. H.—7, 4, 3, 2. D.—K, Q, J, 5. C.—8, 6.	Y A B Z	S.—A, 5, 4. H.—A, 5. D.—A, 7, 2. C.—A, Q, 7, 4, 3.
	S.—K, Q. H.—K, Q, 10, 9, 8. D.—10, 9, 3. C.—J, 9, 2.	

Z deals and bids "One Heart"; A and Y "No bid"; B "One No-Trump." All pass

. . . . . .

In actual play Mr. Whitehead (B) made only two by cards owing to the remarkable defensive play of Y and Z described in my article.

One of my correspondents goes so far as to say that Mr. Whitehead's play was "distinctly bad."

Now this, of course, is absurd. Mr. Whitehead's play was perfectly sound. It was based upon taking the second Heart trick, led by Z, playing out four winning Diamonds, forcing discards from Y and Z, and then taking the finesse in Clubs. The finesse of the Queen of Clubs came off, but then Mr. Whitehead must try and put Y in with the King. It is no good playing a small one, as Z could get in. He must therefore play out Ace and then a small one, hoping to put Y in on third round. But this play is defeated by Y throwing the King on the Ace.

. . . . . .

Now how could Mr. Whitehead have defeated this play?

He takes trick 2 with the Ace of Hearts, then leads Ace and another Diamond, putting Dummy in. He does not then continue Diamonds, but leads a Club and finesses the Queen. This proving successful, he then leads another Diamond and puts Dummy in. He must not lead his fourth Diamond, as otherwise Y may discard his King of Clubs. He must lead a second round of Clubs. If Y on this second round plays the King, Mr. Whitehead must "duck" and leave Y with the trick. If Y plays the 10 Mr. Whitehead must put up the Ace, and Y is caught on the third round with the lead. In this way Mr. Whitehead must make game. But this, of course, is double dummy, and I venture to say would be bad play on the part of B.

You must remember, first, that B did not know the location of the King of Clubs. Further, it must be realised that the probable split of the six adverse Clubs (among which were the King, Jack, 10, and 9) is 4—2, and, if they had been so divided, the Declarer's best chance of game is in trying to force a Club discard on the thirteenth Diamond.

Had B held four Clubs to the Ace, Queen, Jack, then he would have been right to use Dummy's Diamonds in order to finesse the Clubs.

The hand therefore stands as I described it, as an example of brilliant defensive play.

Mr. Whitehead's play was perfectly correct, and gave him the best chance of game, but it was defeated by clever discarding on the part of Y and Z.

. . . . . .

The hand, I may mention, caused a great sensation in America at the time, and thousands of letters and numerous newspaper articles were written upon it.

While congratulating my correspondents on their cleverness in seeing the way out as a double-dummy problem, I must ask them to reconsider their criticism in the light of what I have written.

SHOULD A WOMAN TELL?

BY RIDGEWELL

ABOARD 'THE BOARDS' *Peter North*

Billie Dell in the "nautical" rig she sports in the "Piccadilly Revels" cabaret show. She demonstrates the Charleston with great skill and success

Femina

WINDOW OPENING

By MRS. M. VINCE

THE roofed 'bus has robbed us of yet another opportunity for fresh air; giving us, instead of it, electric light and upholstered seats, which the majority of people certainly prefer. But those of us who still like fresh air best watch sadly as the old open-topped 'buses become fewer and fewer, and let 'bus after 'bus pass, hoping an open one will come; and travel by devious routes, and make unnecessary changes, for the sake of being in the fresh air.

SPRING means many different things to different people. Some are waiting for the primroses, and some for the Budget. To some it means cricket, and to others spring cleaning. But to those who like fresh air it means not only all these things, but also the beginning of the window-opening season. The days are lengthening, the air is getting milder, and in a little while it will be possible to have the window of the railway carriage a little way open without being considered an enemy of the human race.

I WAS the first in a railway carriage at Paddington not long ago, and as my fellow-passengers came in I asked them if they minded having the window a little open. The first looked at me in horror, got out again at once, and returned for a moment to say that I should be frozen to death. He may have intended it as a kindly warning, but from his expression I think it was uttered rather as a prophecy which he hoped would come true.

TO those who like fresh air railway travelling in the winter has become an anxious and uncomfortable business. As a small concession to this unhappy minority I wish that the railway companies would take a hint from the doors of the new Tube trains, and have windows which would open automatically whenever the train stopped and remain wide open until it started again.

ABOUT the windows of our houses there is this paradox: that those people who like fresh air most prefer the type of window which opens least. I have heard foreigners exclaim in horror at our sash-windows, because even when they were wide open half the space was still covered with glass. Because we did not use casement or French windows they put us down at once as haters of fresh air. But when I saw in a foreign country double casement windows being prepared for the winter by having cotton-wool packed between them and then being nailed to their frames, I realised that merely to have this type of window is not in itself a proof of liking fresh air.

THERE is no doubt that the casement is the romantic window. It is out of casements that lovers lean. It is round casements that honeysuckle grows. It was "casements," and not "windows," that Keats imagined in fairyland opening on the perilous seas. Of the sash-window one reads nothing in romance. Its only literary possibilities are comic, as, for example, when the cords break and it falls like a guillotine on the head that is looking out.

BUT whatever its romantic deficiencies, there is no doubt of the practical advantages of the sash-window, with which it is so much easier to let in a little air. There is no doubt, too, that it is exactly suited to our own particular climate, in which there are few days, even in summer, when one would like to fling all the windows wide open; and few, even in the winter, when one cannot keep them open a little way.

THE defects of the casement and the French window in this respect are very evident, for they leave one no choice between a cold and draughty room and an unventilated room; and this defect is all the more serious now that our open fires, with their ventilation by way of the chimneys, are so many fewer; and it will become still more serious when, as in some of the newer houses, there are no chimneys at all.

HALF-HEARTED attempts are sometimes made to provide ventilation without having to open the window, such as the movable piece of perforated glass in the window itself; but, apart from the fact that it is a very half-hearted way, it is inclined to get out of order. I once heard of a doctor who made whole-hearted attempts at ventilation whenever he found patients with sore throats and shut windows. He drove his stick through the window; but I doubt if he had much practice.

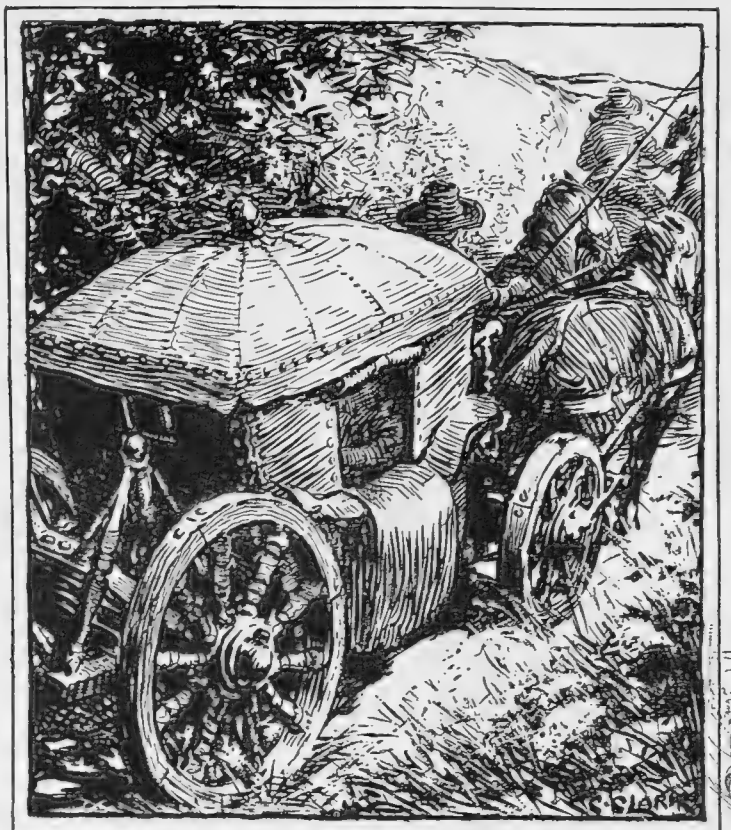
WITH the casement, and still more with the French window, one should have a smaller pane above which will open. A great many of the older London houses have French windows leading on to balconies on their first floors. Most of them have small panes above. But none of these small panes has been made to open. They are, in fact, a little bit too high to be reached by hand.

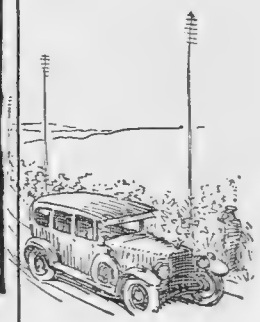
I THINK it was Mr. Wells who, in one of his books, imagined the city of the future as roofed entirely with glass, so that all its streets were arcades and its inhabitants went about their business secure from all the perils of wind and rain. In that city would be no umbrellas nor overcoats, certainly no Russian boots, and probably no hats.

FORTUNATELY, we are still far from that ideal, but the world is becoming a harder and harder place for those who like fresh air. It is not so much that we are growing stuffier ourselves, but that the occasions when, whether people like it or not, they must be in the open air are being steadily reduced. There were those, no doubt, who romantically thought that when we travelled by aeroplane we should at last breathe pure air far beyond the reach of the defilements of the earth. How wrong they were! It is fresher travelling underground than in the air!

HAIG TERCENTENARY

1627 1927





How they travelled in 1627

March 10th, 1627.

"Up mighty early and took coach into the country immediately, with purpose to visit my wife at her mother's at Richmond. But on the road did find a lady of great elegance, and very fair, riding pillion behind her groom, who had halted to rest the horse, which I did pronounce to be lame; and so offered her my coach. Happily she insisted that I should share it with her. So, safely coached and merry with laughter and jesting, despite the thunderous noise of the wheels, we did proceed; she seeming much frightened of highwaymen and discomforted by the great jolting and shaking of the coach, and I consoling her as best a man might."—*From the unwritten Journal of Christopher Mountjoy, Knight, sometime Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I.*

THE steady march of time has brought us to a world very different from that of 1627 when coaches were a novelty, when springs were a luxury unknown and when John Haig Whisky was first distilled.

Three centuries of unwavering devotion to the highest ideals have won for John Haig its present popularity as the finest of Scotland's whiskies.

Quality with Age.

John Haig

The Father of all Scotch Whiskies celebrates its 300th birthday this year

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD. (*owning Haig & Haig, Ltd*), DISTILLERS MARKINCH, FIFE *and* KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

I COULD have wished, I confess, that Mr. John Hargrave had chosen a less conventional theme for his new story, *And Then Came Spring* (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), but it is difficult to see how he could have made his material more entertaining than it is. The story itself is quite simple. Dear old—or should I say oldish?—Mr. Birtwistle is a Midland man of business, very shrewd, very staid, very much cosseted by his family. And like other respectable gentleman in his position, it is occasionally necessary for him to come up to London. On business, of course. Real business. But it does so happen that on one of these occasions he meets a very charming little war-widow, with a habit of using the modernised form of baby-language, and—Mr. Birtwistle scandalously and deplorably becomes Teddy Goodchild. Teddy "goes it some"—to use an expression which I am sure the little widow would appreciate—and the visits to London increase in number (board meetings and things), and bills begin to come in, and things begin to be a little difficult—they nearly always are when you have to pay the rent of that "extra" little flat in London—and finally our hero is glad to buy his freedom for a good round sum.

As in the author's two previous books, there is a kind of coaxing intimacy about the whole thing. It is as though Mr. Hargrave were saying to his readers: "Look here, let's just run about and see exactly what these quaint people really do say and do and think. We won't take any notice of the good old rules, but go our own way and see what happens." As a result there is nobody but will be interested in, and amused by, Mr. Birtwistle, and nobody who will not share his satisfaction when the expensive, if adorable, Leeta agrees (on paper) to go her own way in the future. It is a jolly book which you cannot help liking. But I await another *Young Winkle*.

❋

MOST people, I suppose, have read *Gulliver's Travels* (First Edition Club: 42*s.* net), but whether they have or have not, let me exhort them to obtain the latest edition to be published. For here an ideal appearance is combined with something of equal value, namely, an Introduction that is the last word in graceful interpretation and scholarship. Mr. Harold Williams, indeed, has done his work extraordinarily well. He gives you not only the quaint story of the book's original publication, but a definitive statement about all those complicated questions which have worried the bibliographers for years. As a good Swiftian myself, I can only hope that he will continue his work and give us an edition of the Poems. Dryden, it is true, told his cousin that he could never hope to be a poet, but he did not see those later satires in verse which help us so greatly to understand the man who wrote them, and a new edition is long overdue

❋

I CORDIALLY recommend Mr. J. B. Priestley's first novel, *Adam in Moonshine* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). You will know his critical work, and now you must read him when he is amusing himself with a fantastic romance which can be taken just as seriously as you please. Imagine a young man who proposes to enjoy a quiet holiday in the country by himself being whirled into the midst of a preposterous conspiracy to set a Stuart once again on the throne! The idea is delightfully mad, and Mr. Priestley, in his intriguing way, makes the most of it. I admit that you may be faintly disappointed at the end, but, if you think, you will see that it is the only possible end; and, at any rate, you will have enjoyed every one of Adam's adventures almost as much as he enjoyed them himself. It is an original and most entertaining affair.

I MUST confess that at the moment Father Ronald Knox is my favourite detective-story writer. He can be so amusing, even at the most dramatic and mystifying moments. He can puzzle the expert, and at the same time poke fun at him. His stories would be enjoyable even were there nothing "to guess" in them. And I honestly believe that *The Three Taps* (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is the most likeable Sherlockian experiment that he has yet made. It was daring of him to invent that rather complicated Euthanasia insurance policy, but insurance companies, I gather, do have strange ideas on occasion, and when once you have grasped the fact that no money will be forthcoming should the holder of such a policy commit suicide, you begin to understand what a monstrously difficult problem has been set. For when Mr. Mottram is found dead in his bed in a country inn, gassed, but with the gas-taps turned off and his door locked on the inside, you know that it will take a fairly competent detective (even in fiction) to decide whether it was murder or suicide. Almost everybody who forgathers under Mrs. Davis's roof comes under suspicion. For myself I stuck to the same theory from the second to the penultimate chapter, and was (of course) hopelessly wrong. Father Knox is really a lucky man, for he combines wit with fiendish ingenuity, and the book is finished long before it has any right to come to an end.

A New Bird Book

In his book *Bird Facts and Fallacies* (Hutchinson, 10*s.* 6*d.* net), Mr. Lewis R. W. Loyd has compiled an entertaining collection of legends and myths about the feathered world, and has a host of interesting facts and stories to tell about the birds that frequent the British Isles, from the nightingale down to the domestic fowl. In these legends, some of them extremely old, there are many valuable glimpses of early religious belief, folklore and witchcraft. This is an attractive subject attractively written, and should give an added and more intimate interest to the bird lover in town and country.

IN SUNNY ITALY

A charming and enticing photograph of "the day's work" near Stresa on Lake Maggiore. Silhouetted against a background of sun-misty hill ranges is seen the Isle of Fishers

ALWAYS ASK FOR

JJ

★★★

WHISKEY

NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD

JOHN JAMESON & SON LIMITED DUBLIN
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MOTOR NOTES

IT would appear that a new offence will be created by the Road Vehicles Bill if and when it has passed into Law. Intelligent forecast would suggest that the present speed limit of 20 miles per hour will be abolished and the control of speed will be effected by charging the driver with either driving to the public danger or for driving at a speed excessive in the circumstances. All motorists will welcome the abolition of the speed limit, but they cannot help but feel nervous at the institution of the new offence, namely, driving at a speed excessive in the circumstances. It is imagined that the evidence of at least two witnesses will be necessary to prove this excessive speed, but after all there are very few observers from the pavement who can generally state whether a speed is excessive or not, except in the more glaring cases. A large car may be perfectly safe at 40 to 45 m.p.h., while a smaller car without the springing and the brakes of a larger one may be intensely dangerous. There is no doubt that these different points will be thrashed out when the Bill is introduced in Parliament.

A ROYAL CAR

Prince Arthur of Connaught leaving his house for a ceremonial engagement. His car is a 6-cylinder Humber Limousine

MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE has now left for America with his 1,000 h.p. Sunbeam racer, with which he is almost certain to break the world's speed record over the flying mile. All motorists are interested in this attempt to secure record speeds on a British car on a foreign shore. If he is successful Mrs. Segrave particularly will be very proud, as she will then, to use her own words, know that she is the wife of the fastest man in the world! Just before Major Segrave left he was given a complimentary dinner at the Piccadilly Hotel, the organisers being the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., the British Petroleum Co., Ltd., C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., the Robinhood Engineering Works, Ltd., T. B. Andre and Co., Ltd, and David Moseley and Sons, Ltd., the manufacturers of the various British accessories which Major Segrave will use.

***

IT is just a year ago since the Citroën works, Slough, were formally opened, and within that period production and efficiency have been brought to a high level. It is noteworthy comment that after several months' working at Slough the prices of Citroën cars have been reduced to a lower level than ever before, the new 12-24 h.p. Citroën, as now being delivered from Slough, is the best Citroën production yet put upon the road. The past year has been a remarkable one in Citroën history, because, apart from the opening of the Slough factory, it has seen the creation by the Citroën Company of what is widely admitted to be one of the most magnificent motor car showrooms in the world at Devonshire House, Piccadilly.

(*Continued on page* vi)

—has the largest sale

Why has 'Kia-Ora' the largest sale of all fresh fruit beverages produced in the British Empire?

Because more people like 'Kia-Ora' than any other kind, several kinds put together, in fact

But why do so many people prefer 'Kia-Ora'?

Because in making 'Kia-Ora' fresh ripe fruit juice and cane sugar are used exclusively, and fresh fruit juices make beverages of the most captivating flavour, health-giving and enjoyable: good for everybody at all times.

The sales of 'Kia-Ora' grow rapidly; every year the increase is a large one

If long-continued success is the best proof, if you want high quality and real enjoyment for your family and guests you will buy and continue to buy

KIA-ORA
LEMON SQUASH
ORANGE SQUASH

Sold everywhere at 1/1 and 2/- per bottle; 24—30 glasses.

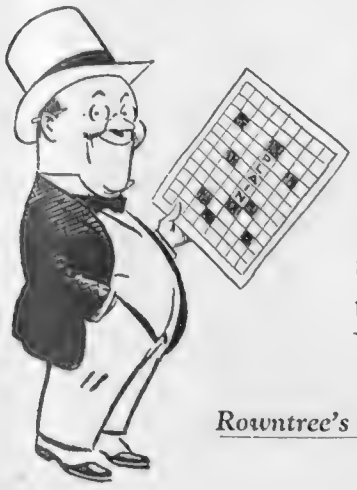
Sole Makers: KIA-ORA LIMITED, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.

"It's plain it's PLAIN!"
said Mr. York.

I'm Plain Mr. York *of* York, Yorks

I'm Plain Mr. York of York, Yorks,
I wonder how THIS *crossword works?*
They give YORK for the clue
For five letters—now who
Could help getting PLAIN YORK
from York, Yorks?

"Number One across — Hawaiian Carboy?" pondered Mr. York. "Number Two — Bessarabian Samovar? If all the clues are like this I shan't get done to-night. Let's try Number 5 down. Five letters and the clue is York. Why it's plain it's PLAIN. Now we're started."



Mr. York was so overcome by his success in getting out one clue that he broke off. In fact, he broke off a handy chunk from the cake of Plain York Chocolate.

"Plain York is always a splendid thing to start on," he murmured, "and to keep going on, too. PLAIN is the clue for cross-country walks as well as for crossword puzzles. It's so delightful and so nourishing; with a biscuit or two and an apple it's a real good meal.

It makes you independent instead of inn-dependent . . ."

And Mr. York's final advice to *you*, when you're wrestling with these crosswords is—have a cake of PLAIN YORK on the table beside you, and enjoy it!

ASK AT THE SHOP FOR ROWNTREE'S

PLAIN YORK

CHOCOLATE

and get the latest, most splendid eating chocolate. **½ lb. cakes 1/-; also 6d. cakes, 2d. bars, etc.**

Rowntree's MOTORING *Chocolate. Plain York (or Milk) with Almonds & Raisins;*
Plain York (red label), ½ lb., 1/1; also 6d. cakes.
Milk (blue label), ½ lb., 1/2; also 6d. cakes and 2d. bars.

THE World Motor Transport Congress of 1927 is to be held in London in November next under the auspices of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. This, though the fourth Congress of this scope and character, will be the first to take place in Great Britain or any European country. It has been timed immediately to precede the Commercial Motor Transport Exhibition at Olympia.

* * *

A MORRIS - COWLEY coupé was awarded first prize in the enclosed model class at the Concours Carrosserie, the well-known coachbuilding competition held recently at The Hague. The class for which this car was entered was that for enclosed models up to £247 10s., the price of this model in England being £128 10s. This success is particularly interesting in view of the fact that identical type coachwork is fitted to the Morris-Cowley saloon, a car sold here for £195.

* * *

THE R.A.C. reports that the police are displaying unusual activity at the present time in checking speeding among motorists. In one suburban police court the R.A.C. had to defend over 90 of its members in one month. For their own protection, therefore, motorists are advised to refrain from high speeds, even when the circumstances would appear to permit of their being indulged in with complete safety.

UNDER WINTRY CONDITIONS

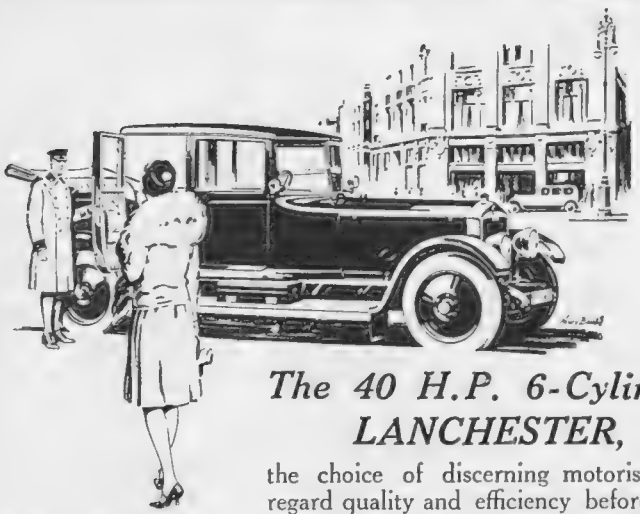
Mr. A. H. Pass, a director of Messrs. Pass and Joyce, 373-375, Euston Road, N.W.1, photographed at the famous Indianapolis Speedway on his recent visit to the States. The car is an 8-cylinder Little Marmon

THE 15th London-Land's End Trial organised by the Motor Cycling Club will be held this year on April 15 and 16, during the Easter week-end. The regulations are very similar to those for last year, with the notable exception that the timed ascent of Porlock Hill is abolished. Instead competitors will have to carry out a re-starting test on that hill. Hitherto the trial has been open to cars up to 2,000 c.c., but this year cars up to 3,000 c.c. will be admitted, but the organisers suggest that the entrants should make certain that the turning circle does not exceed 43 ft. in diameter, so that they may be able to take the corner on Blue Hills Mine without a stop. Entries close on April 7.

* * *

ACCORDING to the return just made for last year, 25,419 routes were supplied to motorists, motor cyclists and cyclists by the Dunlop Touring Service Bureau during 1926. As well as supplying these routes, over 6,000 special enquiries about hotels, the state of the roads, and miscellaneous touring matters were dealt with, among the latter being many amusing queries. One lady wishes to know if the midges bite in September on the West Coast of Scotland; another motorist asking a route to Cornwall enquired if the Bureau thought it would rain during the week-end! GEORGE C. STEAD.

Pre-eminent among the World's Finest Cars.



The 40 H.P. 6-Cylinder LANCHESTER,

the choice of discerning motorists who regard quality and efficiency before price and who appreciate the advantages of travelling in a motor-carriage of distinction. In no other Car is such luxury of motion equalled, and until you have driven or ridden in a "Lanchester" you have missed the best that motoring has to offer.

A trial run commits you to nothing but a new motoring experience. Will you make an appointment?
Dunlop Tyres standard.

Lanchester Cars

Armourer Mills, Birmingham. 95, New Bond Street, London, W.1. 88, Deansgate, Manchester.

Let a British Car reflect your Pride of Ownership.

One Cigarette Too Many

One cigarette beyond the limit and your throat begins to assert itself—goes hot and dry and irritates. Now is the time "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles prove such a boon. In a pleasant, soothing manner they remove all irritation and your throat again becomes normal.

Try them. They are Delicious.

Your Chemist stocks them.

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing:

2 oz. - 8d.
4 oz. - 1/3
8 oz. - 2/3
1 lb. - 4/3

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3

46,000 miles without Decarbonising

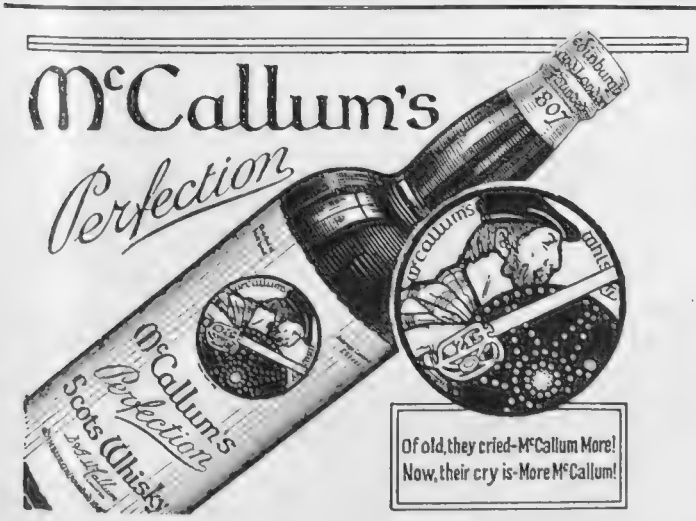
The following facts are taken from a letter just received from our Plumstead agents:

"GALLOWAY" No. Q 2012. This car was bought by a lady in May, 1925, and has run 46,000 miles. It has had no attention except oiling and greasing once a month, is still using the original sparking plugs, and still does 50 m.p.h. Its present petrol consumption is 33½ m.p.g., and it has just changed hands for *three-quarters* of its original purchase price.

Roomy Two-seater with deep dickey at £295. Coupé (with fixed or folding head) and large dickey at £375. 4/5 Seater Tourer with four doors at £325. Four-door Saloon at £395. Dunlop Low-pressure Cord Tyres and special front-wheel brakes on all models.

Galloway CARS

Full details from:—
GALLOWAY MOTORS LTD., DUMFRIES, SCOTLAND.



Humber

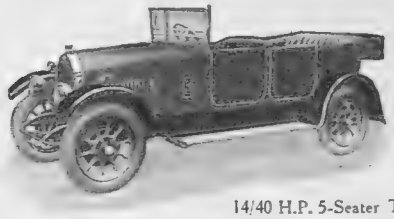
Investments in Contentment

EVERY driver of a Humber model feels the satisfaction that proceeds from consciousness of having exercised sound judgment. Examination of Humber models *reveals* the many points of constructional excellence that have placed them in the front rank of automobile production—actual use *proves* their worth.

9/20 H.P. 2/3-Seater with Dickey Seat	£267 · 7 · 0
9/20 H.P. 4-Seater Tourer	£267 · 7 · 0
9/20 H.P. 4-Seater Saloon	£322 · 7 · 0
14/40 H.P. 2/3-Seater 2-door Tourer with Dickey Seat	£460 · 0 · 0
14/40 H.P. 5-Seater 4-door Tourer	£460 · 0 · 0
14/40 H.P. 5-Seater 4-door Saloon	£575 · 0 · 0
14/40 H.P. ¾-Coupé with Dickey Seat	£575 · 0 · 0

Dunlop Tyres Standard.

N.B.—Humber 9/20 H.P. models are now equipped with Front Wheel Brakes as a standard fitting. Models are available for immediate delivery.



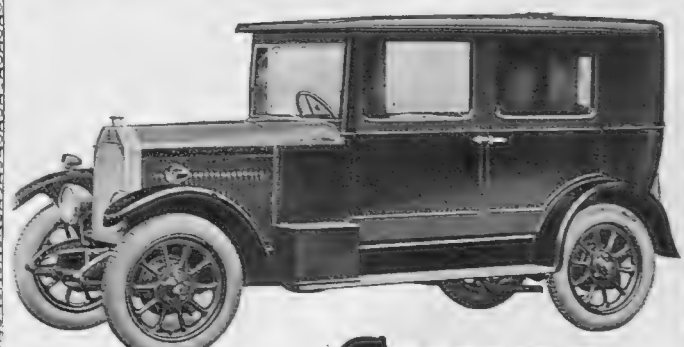
14/40 H.P. 5-Seater Tourer

HUMBER LTD., COVENTRY.

LONDON:

West End Showrooms: **94, New Bond Street, W.1.**
Export Branch Office: **32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.**
Repair Works and Service Depot: **Canterbury Rd., Kilburn, N.W.6.**

As reliable as ever, yet replete with every modern improvement!



SWIFT

10 h.p. Two or Four Seater
£210

10 h.p. Four-door Saloon
£275

14/40 h.p. Open Tourers from
£295

14/40 h.p. Coach-built Saloon
£425

F.W.B. and Dunlop Tyres Standard.

SWIFT OF COVENTRY LIMITED, COVENTRY

London Showrooms:
133/5, Long Acre, W.C.2
1 minute from Leicester Square Tube Station.

IN the face of the fiercest international competition Swift Cars have not only held their own, but actually increased their prestige by a steadfast adherence to a policy of thoroughness and integrity in design, material and workmanship.

The new models are positive triumphs of British engineering. Their general appearance at once stamps them as cars of quality, whilst detailed inspection reveals workmanship that is a guarantee of permanent satisfactory service.

The 10 h.p. Models with four doors to four-seaters, four-wheel brakes, and engines whose output is far above their rated horsepower are outstanding value for money, whilst the 14/40 h.p. models are cars with luxurious accommodation and ample power for the most critical motorists.

Trial runs can be arranged. Write for catalogue.

PERFECT FITTING SHOES

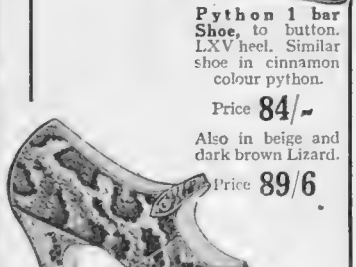
Patent Shoe with grey Lizard bar. LXV heel (*as sketch*)
Price **65/-**

Beige Glacé Tie Shoe, Lizard skin insertion. LXV heel (*as sketch*)
Price **63/-**

Rosewood Glacé 1 bar Shoe, to button. Lizard insertion to tone. LXV heel.
Price **63/-**

Stone Colour Glacé Kid Court Shoe. LXV heel (*as sketch*). Also in patent and black glace kid.
Price **55/-**

Patent 1 bar Shoe black. Lizard skin strapping. LXV heel (*as sketch*)
Price **63/-**



Python 1 bar Shoe, to button. LXV heel. Similar shoe in cinnamon colour python.
Price **84/-**
Also in beige and dark brown Lizard.
Price **89/6**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

WOOLLANDS
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

Special Display of New Millinery To-day and Daily.

Correct Mode Book Post Free.

E 301
Very charming Toque made of Black Satin Ribbon with flesh coloured Petersham let in the front. Featherweight.
Price - - **3½ gns.**

E 300
Smart high crown hat of Marie Guy in Black Satin, with straw brim and trimmed with Petersham bow at side.
Price - - **3½ gns.**

E 303
Very charming hat of Marie Guy in Black Petersham with applique of satin in crown and trimmed with satin band. In black, navy blue, and nigger in stock. Any colour can be made in three days.
Price - - **3½ gns.**

Woolland Bros., Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
(Opposite Hyde Park Hotel.)
Telephone Sloane 4545.

Isles of Romance

A BREEZE now fragrant with the scent of lilies rustles in the trees, beautiful cardinal birds flaunt colours that vie with those of the oleanders, poinsettias and bougainvilleas. Truly Bermuda is a land of enchantment, where dreams come true and all is laughter, song and play. Can you remain longer in winter's icy grasp? Come to Bermuda! Luxurious hotels cater for every individual requirement.

BERMUDA

For full particulars write The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Goree, Water Street, Liverpool, or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 51-2 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

PRATT'S—N.

Sir! Are You Getting Stout?

If so the proved successful and harmless method is the Rosenbaum Rubber Garments.

1 Week's Free Trial on receipt of covering remittance (refunded in full if you are not satisfied).

Rubber Reducing Corset, designed especially for Men, 62/- (If waist exceeds 39 inches, 84/-.)
Rubber Abdominal Belt (Men's Slip-on Pattern), ideal for all sports, 31/6; outsizes, 42/-.
Further particulars and catalogues on application. All goods sent under cover.

Maison Rosenbaum *Ltd.*
Special Gent's Department,
14 (B), HINDE STREET,
MANCHESTER SQ., LONDON, W.1.

RADIANT HEALTH & BEAUTY

obtainable by a simple self-treatment in your own home—operated from any ordinary electric light supply. Booklet B explains the

"STERLING" VIOLET RAY
HIGH FREQUENCY GENERATOR

All British-Made Reduced Prices from **£5 . 5 . 0**

The Sterling Corporation (Gt. Britain) Ltd
17, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

FASHIONS FANCIES

BY MRS JACK MAY

Showing how Achille Serre restore an apparently hopelessly soiled frock to its pristine freshness

THERE are laws, unwritten but rigidly accepted, that govern clothes worn in the country, where at the moment the chief centres of social interest are those enjoyable and informal point-to-point race meetings. As there is usually a considerable amount of walking about in rough open country, the only possible wear for women is the severest type of tailor-made or practical top-coat with wool stockings and stout shoes. Furs, even little ones, are conspicuous by their absence, being replaced by soft cashmere scarves or those vividly coloured silk handkerchiefs twisted twice closely round the throat and tied in a piquant bow or knot. The newest and latest of these silk squares appear to be all geometrically figured, in startling contrasts, and so impart an attractive and telling touch of relief to brown anl beige tweeds, the serenity whereof no amount of hard usage can disturb.

An Unqualified Source of Excellence

So for these occasions and the like women have perforce to turn their attention to tailor-mades of the severe classical order, a sphere of tailoring Studd and Millington, Conduit Street, excel in, and are featuring at the moment in Saxony and West of England suitings, both plain and overchecked, emphasising as a colour an exceptionally pleasing cedarwood brown. A cloth of that hue in tweed is requisitioned for the top-coat illustrated, the narrow belt coming only from the sides above well-pressed pleats that give as the wearer moves; a model the firm is prepared to make to order from eight guineas, besides keeping a stock of ready-to-wear models ranging from seven guineas. Immaculate cut and poise are primary essentials of these neat overcoats, and also the coats and skirts of a like genre, followed by that perfect finish only high-class tailors ever seem to achieve. No matter what changes of fashion may come about, these possessions stand for all time for certain occasions.

"The" Perfect Blouse

IN close conjunction with the tailored suit come blouses. And by a fortuitous chance it is possible to be able to draw attention to the Celes range,

Two Celes blouses reflecting the latest. The example on the left is a sleeveless waistcoat model of white Celes silk with brown tie; the other is of *bois de rose* with strappings and buttons in a deeper shade

two of the new season's models being illustrated. Not only has this incomparably beautiful silk or *crêpe de Chine* gained an unrivalled reputation for wear and washing, but so also have the styles and the really exquisite workmanship embodied in the models. A Celes blouse lasts for years, and by reason of the above-mentioned qualities retains its shape and charm to the end. The proprietors, moreover, always see to it that the latest demands are supplied in their exclusive models, for the designing of which highly-paid artists are retained. British throughout, these Celes goods are sent the world over, and a sure success may be predicted for the present season's choice. A novelty is the sleeveless example of white silk, finely tucked in front and completed by a brown *crêpe de Chine* tie, a narrow girdle attached to either side tying at the back. A sort of waistcoat blouse, this, that should prove ideal for summer service. A delightful colour scheme is the other, or *bois de rose* Celes, trimmed with strappings and small buttons of a darker shade, complete with sleeves and turn-back link cuffs. Both models, it is significant to observe, finish with turn-over collars mounted at a slightly higher line than was formerly the case.

Pristine Freshness

"WHAT, another new frock? How extravagant you are!" A remark answered like a pistol shot: "Indeed, it is nothing of the kind, merely my old white one dyed green by Achille Serre, with a new sash and flower." And that was that. So long as any garment women wear is fairly in line with Fashion it can be carried on with, provided it is kept fresh and clean or dyed; both are capable of covering up a host of sins. And that is the brief story how Achille Serre, the noted dry cleaners and dyers, are able to save us pounds of dress money a year. No matter how handsome or well-made a creation may be, if once it gets a soiled, dashed

This smart top coat, designed and made by Studd and Millington, Conduit Street, is of cedar brown tweed overchecked with a fine line of red

Sketches by Renée

appearance all the savour is lost; and that is just where this firm steps in and restores the situation; at a cost, too, that is relatively trifling compared with a new purchase. More than ever in these days of pale, perishable colours, it is necessary to bear in mind the real economy of dry cleaning. This is executed so quickly and effectively by Achille Serre that the things are scarcely missed, but they are most thoroughly appreciated when returned.

To Attain the Correct Figure Line

IN pursuance of their usual custom the well-known corset firm of Gossard held a show of their new season's models last week, an event always eagerly anticipated, and more so than ever to-day when so much depends on figure forming. Although the line is still straight there is just a subtle indication of a waist in some instances where young people are concerned. The demonstrator, however, emphatically impressed upon all present that women inclined to *embonpoint* are better served in corsets that lace in front than belts. The main point with all the Gossard models is that they are built to provide perfect comfort and ease, and every conceivable variety of figure is taken into account; there is no generalising. In fact, the careful study accorded individual idiosyncrasies is extraordinary. The form has yet to be created that the Gossard range cannot supply and enhance, and they continue to hold very firm opinions as to the necessity of a straight undisturbed back, and also the control of the diaphragm. For the evening they have solved the problem of what to wear as *au dessous* in some delightful little belts and separate *brassières* composed of lace and rayon satin, both of which wash and so can be worn next the skin.

A Gossard Clasparound of pink fancy brocade and woven elastic, for the average figure. The front has an elastic gore which will not allow the corset to roll when the figure is seated, nor wrinkle in front.

Household Favourites

A stand at the British Industries Fair that has attracted great attention, both among home buyers and those from abroad, is that of Chivers & Sons. The products of this firm have always been noted for quality and reliability, and it is clear from the Company's business extension that they grow more popular year by year. Now that it is a matter of Government policy as well as communal advantage to encourage the trade in canned home-grown fruits, housewives will be specially interested in the fact that Chivers & Sons were pioneers in this branch of production. For over thirty years they have used in The Orchard Factory thousands of tons of fruit freshly picked from their own surrounding orchards, and they despatch millions of cans of fruit each year. Chivers's Patent Hygienic Cover for jam and marmalade is also deserving of special attention. It is a simple device that keeps the contents of the jar sound in any climate, prevents contamination from dust, and is easily removed and replaced, and prevents loss by evaporation. Its merits are warmly welcomed by the housewife, who will be able to inspect the cover, not only at the British Industries Fair, but also at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia.

Science and the Housewife

To what a remarkable extent the factor

(*Continued on page* xii)

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

HEAD OFFICES:
45, Dale Street, LIVERPOOL.
155, Leadenhall Street, LONDON, E.C.3

MOTOR INSURANCE A SPECIALITY

CHIEF ADMINISTRATION:
7, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

EASTBOURNE.
QUEEN'S HOTEL
Facing South and directly overlooking the sea. 200 Rooms, including many
BATHROOM—BEDROOMS and SUITES.
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or a la carte.
EXTENSIVE GARAGE IN HOTEL GROUNDS

MONTE CARLO—THE MIRABEAU
Unrivalled situation facing Sea and Casino. Up to date. Open all year.
F. SCHIPPER - - - - - - - - - - Managing Proprietor.

Health from the Pyrenees
A NATURAL remedy is worth far more than any artificially prepared medicine in the treatment of gout, rheumatism, dyspepsia and intestinal troubles. This is the reason the well-known home and foreign spas are invariably full.
ROBINAT-LLORACH
NATURAL APERIENT WATER
is Nature's own preparation from the celebrated mountain springs. It brings the spa cure to your own home. A small wineglassful is the daily dose. Prices 1/6, 2/3 and 3/6.
Of all good chemists and stores, or from
EVERETT & CO., 106 Fenchurch St. E.C.3

"Keeps the Hair Young"
EVAN WILLIAMS
Henna Shampoo-
ORDINARY for Dark Hair
4D
CAMOMILE for Fair Hair

OBESITY
THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—
MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, Welford Rd., Leicester (Box 89)

DON'T TAKE ASPIRIN!
Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets
(The New and Wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment)
are guaranteed to be
Safer, Quicker, and More Effective, and contain more Vitamin B than other products.
Send for free descriptive treatise on Fevers, Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds, Liver, Kidneys, Constipation, Anæmia, Nerves, Indigestion, Biliousness, Depression.
Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If unsatisfactory post us empty bottle and we will refund money.
Irving's YEAST-VITE Laboratories, "Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.1.

·DIAMONDS·SAPPHIRES·EMERALDS·
·PEARLS·RUBIES·
EXPERTS SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE KINGDOM
PRIVATE SHOWROOM FOR VALUATION OR PURCHASE
SPINK & SON
VALUE OR PURCHASE FINE & COSTLY JEWELS &c
Est'd 154 years
VALUABLE GEMS SAFELY SENT REG. POST
17-18, PICCADILLY, W.1.
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BY APPOINTMENT

MONEY WON'T BUY HEALTH
DRINK MORE WATER
BERKEFELD FILTER BRITISH
The standard of perfect water filtration. A necessity in every home. A real safeguard against water impurities.
WRITE FOR BOOKLET
Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

The habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by Pepsodent is urged widely by dental authorities because of its unique powers.

The Film Danger

to which authoritative dental opinion ascribes many tooth and gum disorders

THAT MANY of the commoner tooth and gum troubles, and most cases of so-called "off-colour" teeth, have a potential origin in a film that forms on teeth which ordinary brushing does not successfully combat, is the consensus of dental opinion.

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel this film—a slippery sort of coating. Film absorbs discolorations and thus makes teeth look dull and dingy. It must be combated.

Dental authorities now seriously urge that film be removed at least twice every day—in the morning and at bed-time. One can't expect glistening teeth and proper gum protection unless this be done regularly. And old-time dentifrices did not adequately fight film.

So obtain Pepsodent—a special film removing dentifrice most dentists favour. It curdles the film, then removes it and polishes the teeth to high lustre in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids that may cause decay. It acts, too, to firm and harden the gums; thus meeting, in many ways, the requirements of modern dental findings.

Accept Pepsodent Test

SEND THE coupon for 10-day tube. Note how thoroughly film is removed and teeth gradually lighter. Massage the gums with Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, using your finger tips; gums should start to firm and take on a healthy coral tint.

FREE Mail Coupon for 10 day tube to THE PEPSODENT CO., (Dept. 153), 42, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.1. 22/1

Name.....

Address.....

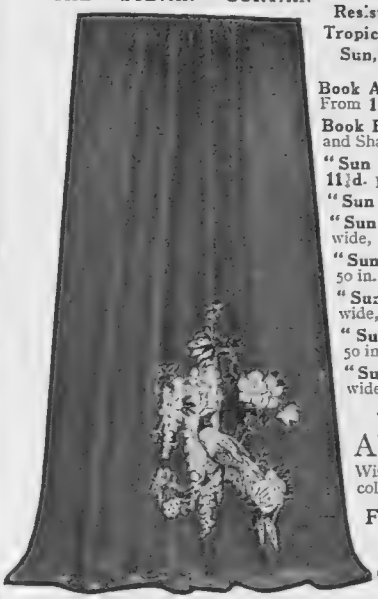
Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family

Bystander, 9/3/27

The Home Beautiful

1927 Cretonnes and Curtains

THE "SYLVAN" CURTAIN



Resist Tropical Sun, "Sunfast" UNFADABLE FABRICS Sea Air and Washing.

Book A. 27—Unfadable Printed Casements. From **1/11** to **4/11.**

Book B. 27—Unfadable Cretonnes, Taffetas and Shadow Tissues. From **2/6** to **7/6.**

"Sun Lead" Casement Cloth, 30 in. wide, **11½d.** per yd.; 48 in. wide, **1/9.**

"Sun Leya" Jaspe, 47 in. wide, **1/10½.**

"Sun Neeta" Casement Damask, 50 in. wide, **2/6** per yd.

"Sun Brenda" Casement Damask, 50 in. wide, **2/6** per yd.

"Sun Spot Trellis" Coteline, 50 in. wide, **3/4½** per yd.

"Sun Matt Stripe" Casement Fabric, 50 in. wide, **2/11½** per yd.

"Sun Scale" Casement Damask, 50 in. wide, **4/11** per yd.

THE "SYLVAN" CURTAIN.

A VERY charming Curtain of "Sun Alva" Jaspe with an applique of Wisteria and Golden Pheasant, on various coloured grounds. **48/6** per pair.

FURNISH OUT OF INCOME AT CASH PRICES ON THE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

OUR beautifully illustrated book **"THE HOME BEAUTIFUL"** will be sent gratis and post free on application.

Williamson & Cole LTD

HIGH STREET CLAPHAM, S.W.4

Memory's Toll at Temple Bar

Fluttering pigeons in Temple Gardens—whispering trees—quaint shadows—a brooding peace. And the romantic spirit of the Templar Knights lives ever in the quiet buildings. Old London Lavender holds the memories of romantic days. There could have been no other name for this lavender series—with its sweet old-fashioned perfume, culled from the lavender fields of Mitcham on the borders of London Town.

Erasmic

Old London Lavender

The Perfume of Great Memories

TOILET SOAP
LAVENDER WATER
COLD CREAM
BATH SALTS

Send 1/- in stamps for a dainty sample box of this lovely Lavender Series. Applicable to the United Kingdom only.
Erasmic Co. Ltd. Warrington.

KL 6-26

of hygiene in the home is being promoted by the use of modern domestic appliances is revealed by the exhibits now being shown at the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition. The electric suction cleaner and home refrigerator, the latter working either by gas or electricity, of Messrs. Electrolux are typical examples of the achievements of modern science in the sphere of domestic utility. In these two appliances the highest possible degree of efficiency has been obtained, while the factor of their dependability upon the skill or knowledge of the user has been eliminated entirely. To those whose aim is a clean and hygienic home an examination of these two products will be amply repaid. The head office and showrooms of Electrolux, Ltd., are at 153-155, Regent Street, W.1, while the works are at Luton.

IN BRAZIL

A view of the clubhouse of the Rio de Janeiro Golf and Country Club. The tennis courts and 1st tee are seen on the left, the swimming pool is on the right, whilst the polo ground is in the foreground

What to Eat

In these days the number of people who offer advice on what to eat and what not to eat are bewildering alike in their number and their counsel. Amid all this array of wisdom, a great many people are largely deciding for themselves what to eat and what not to eat, and their decision in most cases is not open to much question. During last year, for example, there was a big increase in the amount of block chocolate consumed. Children must have sweets, so why not recognise the fact and buy good chocolate for them instead of leaving them to select of their own accord sweetmeats probably without its value, or actually injurious? Good block chocolate is not now an expensive luxury, and it is generally admitted to be a nourishing and easily digestible food. Since it is also a delightful sweetmeat for eating at any odd moment, its increasing popularity among all classes is not to be wondered at.

Pro Patria

The idea adopted last year by the British Empire Union of presenting a medal symbolic of the British Empire on Empire Day to as many children as possible proved an enormous success. This very laudable scheme is a constructive effort to interest children in the British Empire and so to frustrate the revolutionaries' schemes for its disintegration. The 1927 medal, of a new design in aluminium, is illustrated on this page and costs, up to 10 medals, 5d. each. Over 10 and up to 100 at the rate of 30s. per 100. Over 100 and up to 500 at the rate of 25s. per 100. Special quotations for larger quantities. Medals should be purchased from and subscriptions should be sent to the Head Office at 180, Piccadilly, W.

THE EMPIRE DAY MEDAL

"Sound" Sense

Many a gramophone lover has been disillusioned and ultimately lost by coming in contact with an instrument whose tones are—to put it mildly—painful to hear. However, there can certainly be no cause for complaint in that or any respect if a Dousona gramophone be used. The cylindrical wood tone-arm and floating amplifier, also of wood, provide perfection of tone and render the Dousona an ideal instrument. Made in different models at prices ranging from £5 5s. to £21, every machine is a masterpiece of production, as is the Dousona Gramophone-Wireless Loud-speaker Combination, which costs 35 guineas

Next Week's "Bystander" will be the SPRING FASHIONS NUMBER Greatly Enlarged : Special Features.

Stephenson's Floor Polish

is the "best of its kind."

It pays to have polished floors, and it pays to use Stephenson's Floor Polish

It is easy and quick to apply, is fresh and fragrant, labour-saving and inexpensive. It multiplies many times the life and beauty of linoleums, parquet, etc. Stephenson's gives a bright polish that stays on and wears well.

Begin it in your home to-day.

3½d., 6d., 9d., 1/- *and* 1/9.

Sole Manufacturers:
STEPHENSON BROTHERS, Ltd.,
Bradford.

Chivers' Jellies

Delicious. Wholesome. Refreshing.

CHIVERS & SONS, Ltd., *The Orchard Factory*, Histon, Cambridge.

Let the

"Great Eight"

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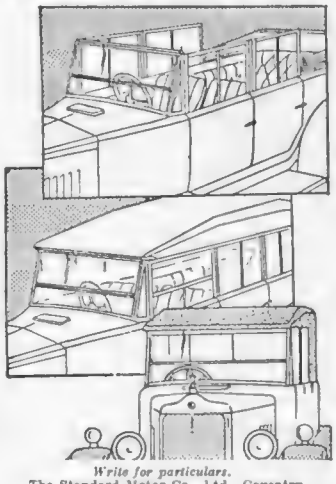

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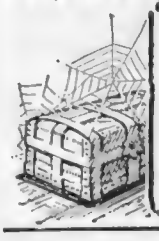

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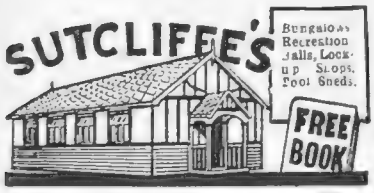

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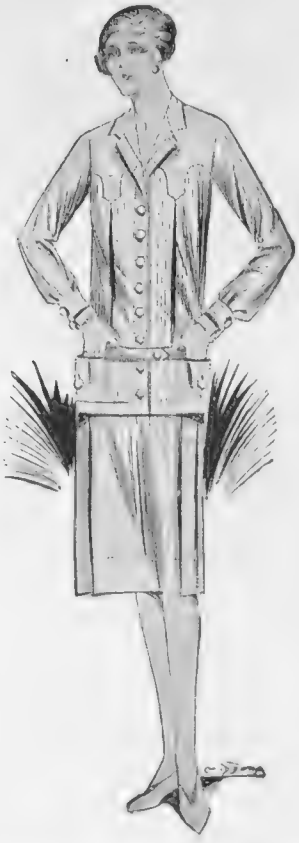

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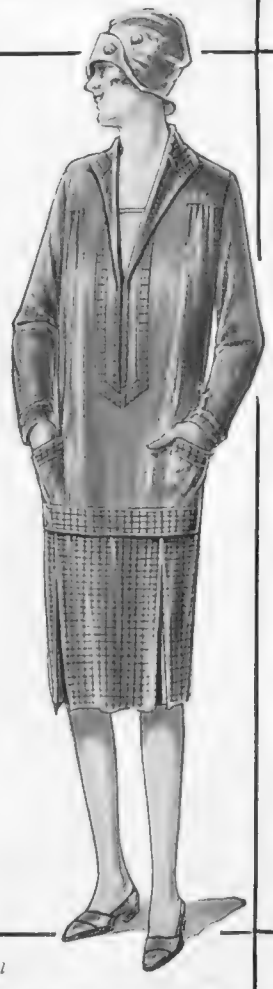

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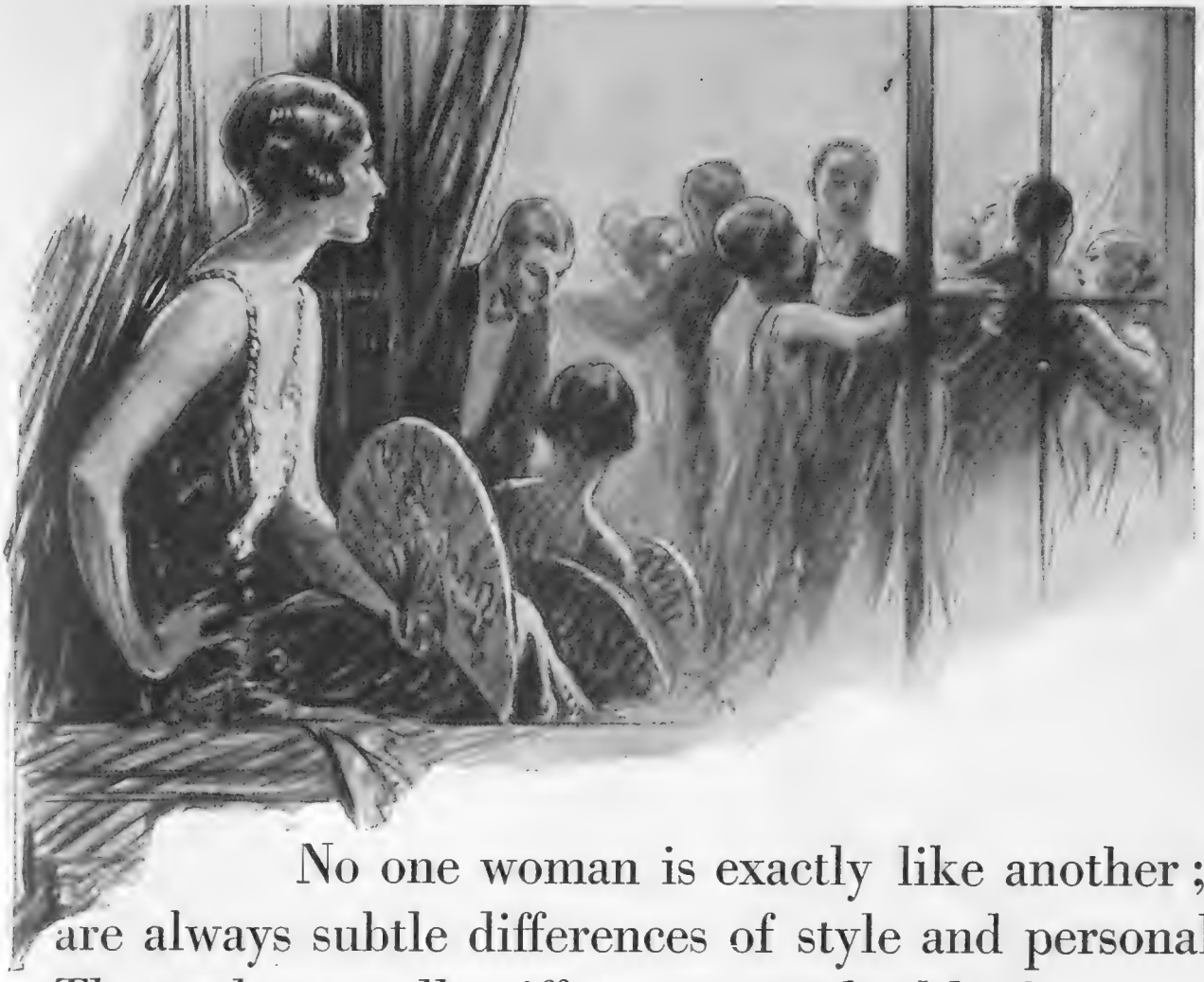

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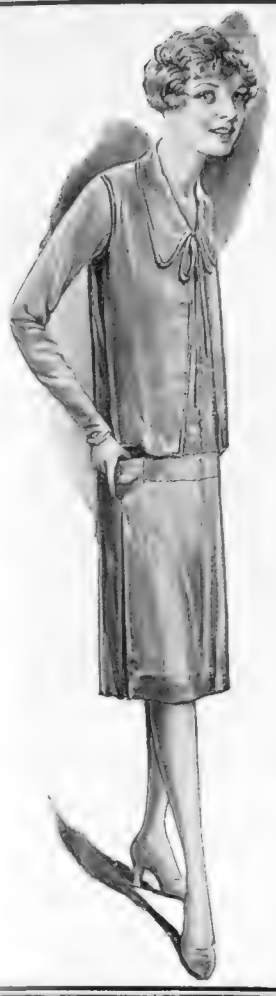

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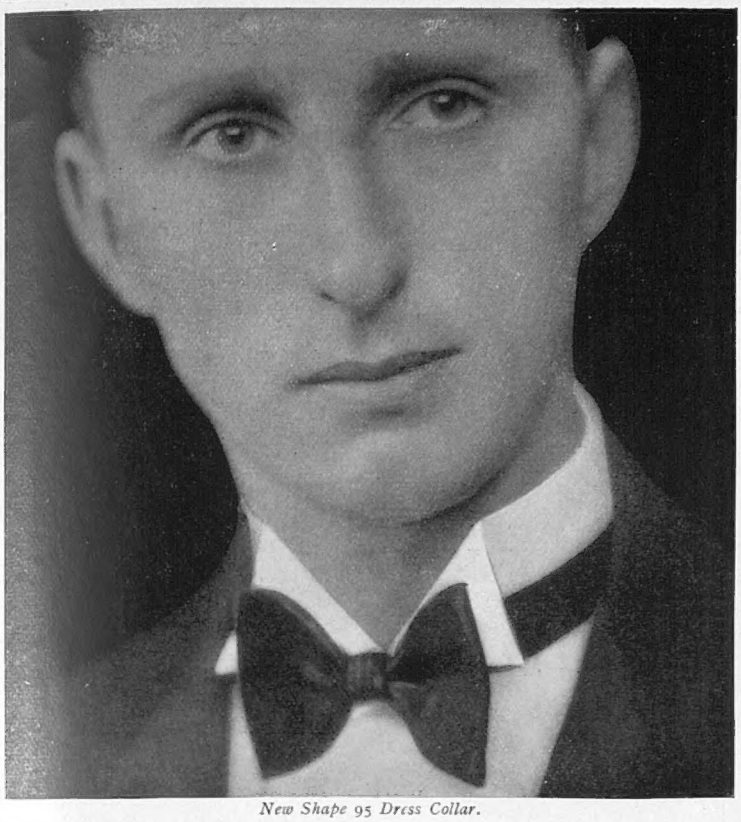

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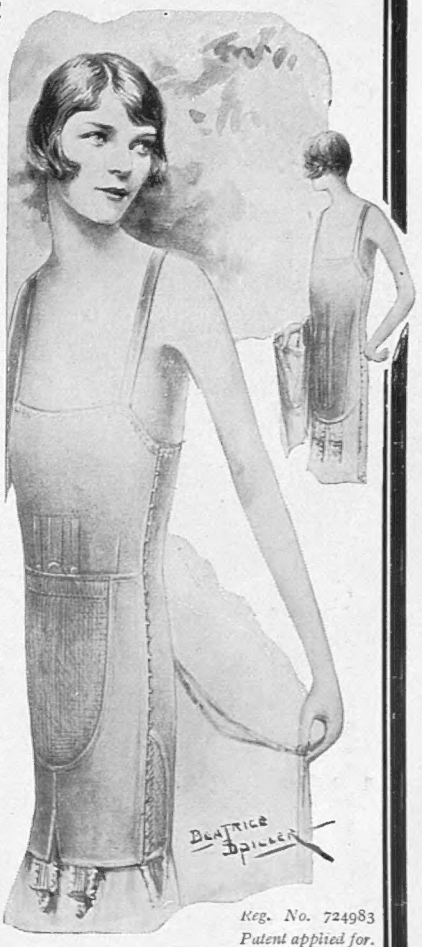

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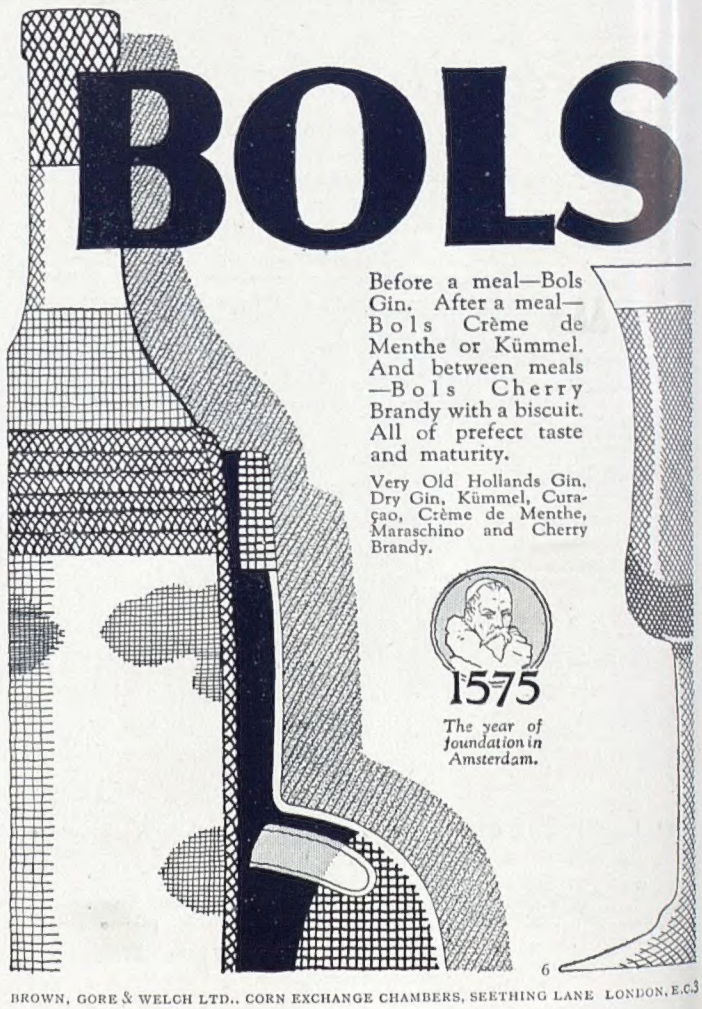

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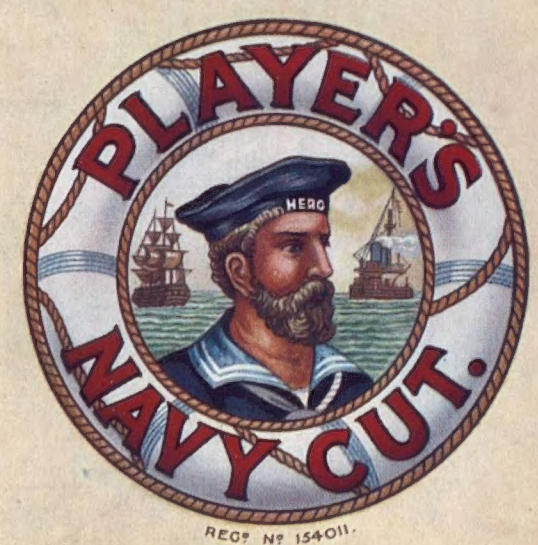

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IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

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